UNFINISHED – DRAFT WIP

THE MECHA ERGENEKON SAGA

By DGC36

THE MECHA ERGENEKON SAGA

By DGC36

MEKA ERGENEKON DESTANI

Hazırlayan: DGC36

BOOK 1

The Legacy of Kürşad

PROLOGUE
The End of Dominance

ACT 1
The Fall of Ötüken

ACT 2
Quiet Threnody

ACT 3
Seeds of Rebellion

ACT 4
The Eve of Reckoning

ACT 5
First Strike

EPILOGUE 1
The Last Ashina

EPILOGUE 2
Ashes of the Iron Lotus

PROLOGUE

The End of Dominance

Across the vast, wind-swept steppes of Central Asia, where freedom once roamed as expansively as the endless sky, the tranquility is abruptly shattered. The horizon, once a vast canvas of peace, now bristles with the ominous silhouettes of the Iron Lotus Empire's mecha units. These behemoths, embodiments of a new age of technological warfare, march with a precision that speaks of cold ambition and a rising thirst for dominance.

The Ashina Khaganate, long the rulers of these lands, had maintained their supremacy through a blend of fierce martial prowess and deep allegiance to their ancestral traditions. Yet, the world around them had shifted imperceptibly but irrevocably. The Iron Lotus Empire, once a minor threat easily subdued by the Ashina's might, had transformed. In the shadow of subservience, they forged a new path - through innovation and cunning, they reimagined their destiny.

Now, as the advanced mecha units of the Iron Lotus march forward, they do not merely advance upon the Ashina - they march through the crumbling relics of an old order, heralding the dawn of a new era. This is not an invasion; it is a declaration of a changed world order.

ACT 1

The Fall of Ötüken

As the first light of dawn gilds the edges of the darkened steppes, Kürşad, son of Shibi Khan, watches from the battlements of Ötüken. His city, a stronghold of Turkic power, bristles with the tension of impending war. Kürşad, commanding his mech - a seamless fusion of Turkic symbols and cutting-edge military technology - stands as the embodiment of a proud lineage, now facing an existential threat.

At dawn, the Iron Lotus's mechas, more advanced than any the Ashina have faced, launch their assault. The battle erupts into chaos as the two forces collide. The plains of Ötüken, once tranquil and sprawling, become a cacophony of steel, fire and cries. Kürşad maneuvers through the battlefield with precise, calculated movements, his mech responding seamlessly to his commands. However, the emotional toll begins to mount as he witnesses the fall of his comrades, one by one, their mechs outmatched by the sheer firepower and numbers of the Iron Lotus.

Kürşad finds himself facing an enemy pilot in a duel that seems to slow time itself. The clash is brutal and personal, a dance of death between two warriors bound by honor and driven by duty.

At dawn, the Iron Lotus's mechas, more advanced than any the Ashina have faced, launch their assault. The battle erupts into chaos as the two forces collide. The plains of Ötüken, once tranquil and sprawling, become a cacophony of steel, fire and cries. Kürşad maneuvers through the battlefield with precise, calculated movements, his mech responding seamlessly to his commands. However, the emotional toll begins to mount as he witnesses the fall of his comrades, one by one, their mechs outmatched by the sheer firepower and numbers of the Iron Lotus.

Kürşad finds himself facing an enemy pilot in a duel that seems to slow time itself. The clash is brutal and personal, a dance of death between two warriors bound by honor and driven by duty.

As Kürşad delivers the final blow to his adversary, his victory is short-lived. The realization hits him hard; the battle is lost. Around him, the remnants of the Ashina forces are captured or slain, their resistance crumbling under the strategic might of the Iron Lotus. The defeat is not just a loss of territory but a crushing blow to the spirit of the Ashina.

The aftermath is somber. The surviving Ashina, including their nobility, are led in chains through the wreckage of their homeland, escorted to Shenjing City. Here, in the heart of the Iron Lotus Empire, they are paraded as symbols of a subdued enemy, their proud heritage reduced to mere spectacle amid the empire's towering spires and neon lights.

Kürşad, now a prisoner of war, is haunted by the images of the fallen and the sounds of battle that echo in his mind. The city's alien environment is a far cry from the open steppes of his homeland and the technological marvels that surround him serve as a constant reminder of his failure and the overwhelming power of the Iron Lotus.

ACT 2

Quiet Threnody

Within the opulent yet suffocating confines of Shenjing City, the displaced nobility of the Ashina Khaganate dwell in what the Iron Lotus Empire touts as luxurious quarters. These quarters, however, are gilded cages - ostentatious displays of the empire's magnanimity that serve more to exhibit control than to offer comfort. Kürşad, once a proud prince of the Ashina, now finds himself a celebrated yet subjugated officer in the very military force that crushed his people.

As a prodigious mecha pilot, Kürşad is paraded around as a trophy of the empire's benevolence and a testament to their 'civilizing' influence. Yet, beneath the surface of this enforced loyalty, his heart seethes with unresolved anger and a deep-seated longing for the freedom of his people. The empire, adept in the art of cultural warfare, mandates the Ashina children - including those of the nobility - to be indoctrinated with the history, philosophy and language of the Iron Lotus. The rich tapestry of Ashina culture, with its ancient legends and traditions, is relegated to mere folklore, slowly eroding under the relentless tide of assimilation

ACT 3

Seeds of Rebellion

Day by day, Kürşad witnesses the insidious transformation of his people. The younger generation, including his nieces and nephews, begin to speak only the tongue of the Iron Lotus, their innocent jests tinged with scorn for the traditions that once defined them. This cultural shift, subtle yet devastating, unfolds under the guise of integration, but Kürşad sees it for what it truly is - a systematic erasure of identity.

Despite his high rank within the empire's military, Kürşad is constantly reminded of his subservient status. Official banquets and military parades, where he is showcased as a model of imperial success, often end with patronizing nods and backhanded compliments from his superiors. Each such instance is a sting, a reminder of his and his people's diminished stature.

The public displays of respect that the Ashina receive are laced with underlying condescension. This two-faced strategy of the empire - to honor them outwardly while undermining them privately - becomes increasingly apparent to Kürşad. The empire's officials preach equality and unity, yet their actions sow division and reinforce hierarchies.

Torn between his public duties and his private loyalties, Kürşad's internal conflict reaches a boiling point during family gatherings. Discussions that start as nostalgic reminiscences of their homeland inevitably turn into fiery debates about resistance and resignation. These confrontations often end in painful silences, leaving family ties frayed and hearts heavy with unspoken grief.

It is during one such gathering, while observing his family's fractured spirits, that Kürşad's resolve crystallizes. The pain of seeing his people lose their identity becomes the catalyst for action. No longer willing to stand by as his culture is diluted and his people demeaned, he decides that if the future of the Ashina is to be salvaged, it must be through bold and decisive action.

Fueled by a potent mix of desperation and determination, Kürşad begins to secretly gather like-minded warriors within the Ashina remnants. Each warrior, driven by a fierce desire to reclaim their heritage and freedom, knows well the cost of what they conspire to undertake. Together, they plan a daring act that could either be the dawn of their rebirth or the dusk of their final defiance -the kidnapping of the emperor during an upcoming inspection of the city's defenses.

ACT 4

The Eve of Reckoning

As twilight blankets Shenjing, the Iron Lotus Empire, blind to the brewing tempest, bathes in self-congratulatory splendor. The emperor's voice rings clear in the halls of power, filled with hubris as he recounts the unassailable supremacy of his dominion. In the heart of the city, the empire's mechanical might stands on display, a testament to their technological prowess and a deterrent to any who would dream of defiance.

In stark contrast, tucked away in a forgotten corner of the capital, Kürşad's preparation is methodical and precise. His warriors, the best of the Ashina, are pilots of cutting-edge mechs, albeit with a touch of their cultural legacy in their design. Each unit is a pinnacle of engineering, primed for the mission at hand.
As night descends, the warriors ready their mechs under the cover of shadows. The cockpit of Kürşad's machine comes to life, its screens aglow with data. There's a palpable tension among the Ashina, each aware of the night's weight. Kürşad’s voice, transmitted through secure channels, is calm yet carries the steely edge of command. "Tonight, we do not fight for conquest but for a chance at dawn," he reminds them.

The streets, quiet and unsuspecting, become arteries leading to the heart of the empire. Kürşad's unit, flanked by his forty, strides with purpose. They advance not with the fanfare of war but with the focus of surgeons, set to excise the tumor of tyranny from their homeland.

Each pilot is acutely aware of the role they play, each mech a vital piece in this intricate game of chess. They carry within them the dreams of their families, the hopes of their children and the resolve of generations yearning for self-determination. Their mechs are not merely vessels of war but beacons of potential futures, each step a stride towards possibilities yet written.

Above them, the storm gathers, as if nature itself conspires with their cause. The first drop of rain that falls is a silent benediction, the first crack of thunder a drumbeat to which they march. Their approach goes unnoticed, their intent veiled by the storm's crescendo.

As they maneuver through the shadowed streets, the storm above begins to unleash its fury. Rain washes over the city in sheets, masking the sound of their movements. Thunder rolls in sync with their strides towards the city’s outer defenses where the emperor is vulnerable. However, nature’s symphony serves not only to cloak but to inspire, echoing the resolve in each warrior’s heart.

However, as they near their target, a critical and unforeseen event unfolds: the storm, more violent than predicted, interferes with the city's power grid. A sudden surge causes sporadic blackouts and malfunctions in the electronic surveillance network. Initially, these anomalies are dismissed by the Empire's monitoring teams as typical storm-related disturbances. But as systems flicker and alarms trigger sporadically across different sectors, a pattern begins to emerge, suggesting potential sabotage.

The heightened state of alert is compounded by a recent intelligence report, previously overlooked, indicating possible unrest among the Ashina. Piecing together the timing of the storm with the unusual activity picked up by their compromised systems, the Imperial Guard commander decides to take no chances. He orders an immediate increase in security protocols around the emperor and key infrastructure, deploying additional troops and activating emergency defense measures.

Kürşad, realizing the change in the Empire's readiness through subtle shifts in their deployment patterns, understands that their cover is compromised by the unpredictable intensity of the storm. He quickly assesses the new situation with his unit. "The Empire is on edge; they think the storm may conceal an attack. This isn't how we planned it, but it's the opportunity we got," he communicates to his warriors.

Kürşad and his warriors, like specters in the tempest's heart, close in on the emperor's position. They know the odds, they know the cost, but they carry forward the unquenchable fire of freedom. Tonight, the empire's illusion of peace will be shattered by the piercing clarity of revolution. Tonight, the Ashina's resolve will either forge a path to liberation or become the noblest of sacrifices in the pursuit of it.

ACT 5

First Strike

As the violent storm engulfs Shenjing, it blends into the cacophony of the impending battle. The storm, initially part of Kürşad's strategy, now heightens the alertness of the Iron Lotus Empire, challenging the Ashina warriors with its dual role as both shield and hazard.

Kürşad leads his warriors with grim determination, their mechs advancing through the tempest, their movements synchronized with the gusts and torrents that mask their approach. The chaos of nature mingles with the chaos of war, each thunderclap mirroring the clash of metal upon metal.

In the heart of this turmoil, Kürşad's unit presses on, their mechs sleek shadows against the stormy backdrop. As they near the emperor's position, the Ashina pilots display extraordinary bravery. One pilot sacrifices his position to draw fire away from the main group, his mech taking critical hits but allowing his comrades a crucial opening. This act of bravery is a spark amidst the storm, inspiring further valor among the ranks.

Amidst the fierce combat, a communication intercept breaks through the din: a small group of Ashina has successfully fled into the wilderness, seeking to preserve their ways and hoping for a future free from the empire's grasp. This news injects a new vigor into the warriors, reminding them of what they fight for - not just for today's battle but for the survival of their culture and people.

As the battle reaches its crescendo, Kürşad makes a pivotal decision. With his mech severely damaged and the situation growing dire, he activates the "Ergenekon Protocol." The cockpit's main screen, flickering under the strain of combat, displays a solitary blinking LED - red like the heart of their struggle. As his mech's systems begin to fail, this light pulses slowly, a heartbeat waning with his own.

Kürşad's final stand is as thunderous as the storm around him. He and his warriors, vastly outnumbered, continue to fight with a ferocity that belies their dwindling chances.

As Kürşad's life force ebbs, the LED fades, its dimming glow a silent testament to his final act - a mysterious sacrifice whose significance is yet to be revealed.

In the end, as Kürşad and his warriors fall, their heroic, tragic sacrifice becomes a silent scream across the stormy battlefield, signifying both defeat and unresolved defiance.

EPILOGUE 1

The Last Ashina

In a secluded, verdant valley far from the turmoil of Shenjing, the small group of Ashina who escaped the chaos of the city's battle feels the earth tremble underfoot. Without warning, massive quakes rumble through the valley, the seismic force sealing off all entrances and exits, effectively trapping them in a natural green prison.

As they stand amid the newly isolated valley, their horror deepens when colossal mechs emerge from hidden compartments within the mountainside. These towering sentinels take up positions at the valley's barriers, their presence ensuring the Ashina's complete isolation from the outside world.

The group, now cut off from any contact with their brethren or the wider world, watches as these mechanical giants establish a perimeter, creating a formidable and impregnable wall of steel and technology.

EPILOGUE 2

Ashes of the Iron Lotus

As the dust settles on the battlefield where Kürşad and his forty warriors made their last stand, the Iron Lotus Empire is shaken to its core. The First Strike, while not victorious in the traditional sense, ignites a spark that ripples throughout the empire. The thunderous roar that once heralded the storm over Shenjing now resounds with the fury of rebellion.

Tales of the last stand spread like wildfire, fueling the embers of insurrection in every corner of the empire. Kürşad's name echoes through the streets and alleys, whispered by some, shouted by others, becoming a beacon of resistance against the oppression of the Iron Lotus.

Rebellions flare up in a chain reaction of defiance, each uprising imbued with the indomitable will of the fallen warriors. The people, once subdued by the grandeur of the empire, now rise to dismantle the very edifice of their subjugation. The Iron Lotus, with all its might and grandiosity, is unprepared for the surge of spirited revolt, its seemingly indomitable presence now faltering.

Territory after territory casts off the yoke of imperial control. The mechanisms of power that once held the Iron Lotus in ascendance now crumble under the weight of the people's newfound courage. As the empire implodes, the foundations of a new epoch are laid.

From the ashes of conflict, a world is reborn - a world that no longer whispers of Kürşad and his warriors as relics of a bygone era but roars with their legacy as the cornerstone of freedom. A world where the spirit of liberation soars beyond the remnants of tyranny, promising hope and unity in a place where the chains of the past have been shattered.

BOOK 2

Asena's Awakening

PROLOGUE
The Valley's New Order

ACT 1
The Waning Whisper of Hope

ACT 2
The Churning Forge of Destiny

ACT 3
Crucible of Hope and Havoc

ACT 4
Veil of Despair

ACT 5
The Awakening and
Exodus of the Ashina

PROLOGUE

The Valley's New Order

Under the monolithic gaze of the mechs, the remnants of the Ashina tribe grapple with the stark reality of their newfound imprisonment. The Ergenekon Valley, once a vast passage through the steppes teeming with life and the echoes of their ancestors' footsteps, has transformed overnight into an inescapable fortress - a lush expanse encased by towering, impassable sentinels.

The tribe's initial response to this confinement is chaotic and visceral. Warriors, fueled by a blend of fear and defiance, challenge these mechanical titans that have risen from the earth not as conquerors but as precise, cold jailers marking the boundaries of their cage. Each confrontation, whether a tentative probe for weakness or a desperate assault, is met with a calculated and forceful rebuke. The mechs, unyielding and seemingly omniscient, push back with escalating intensity, dealing out deadly consequences to those who dare defy their silent decree. The clear message resonates through the valley: the way is shut.

In the shadow of these repeated failures, a harsh truth settles over the Ashina. The valley, once a cradle of freedom and a symbol of their rich heritage, is now a meticulously crafted prison. The elders and the warriors, stripped of their prowess and pride, can only speculate about the forces that bind them, the origins of these guardians lost to time and fear.

As generations unfold, the legends of the mechs' arrival and the tribe's thwarted escapes weave themselves into the fabric of Ashina culture. The mechs, imposing as ever, transition in the tribal lore from overt threats to watchful protectors of a history that slips further into the realm of myth with each passing year.

ACT 1

The Waning Whisper of Hope

For generations, the sprawling expanse of the Ergenekon valley nurtured the Ashina, descendants of the fugitives who fled the Iron Lotus Empire's brutal embrace. The valley, shrouded in the legacy of ancient rebellion, became a living tapestry of Ashina culture, its hues drawn from the soil, the water and the air, each whispering the same tale of a freedom lost. Yet, while the roots of the Ashina grew deep and their branches stretched upwards, the shadow of the Mech Sentinels loomed ever larger, stifling their dreams under a canopy of surveillance.

The Mech Sentinels, vast and seemingly invincible, ringed the valley's rim like silent monoliths. To the Ashina, they were both protectors against the forgotten perils outside and jailers of their perpetual confinement. Children grew under their inert vigil, taught to maintain a respectful distance, to revere the machinery of their captivity with a mix of dread and gratitude. In their hearts, the Ashina nursed the fading embers of hope, whispering of a day when the valley would no longer be their entire universe.

Tarkan, a youth with eyes as keen as a falcon's, refused to let those embers die. With each day's breaking dawn, his desire to pierce the veil of secrets grew. Tarkan’s soul was afire with a restlessness that the valley's tranquil beauty could not quell. His thirst for the unknown drove him past the charted lands, where the old ones warned of curses and specters lurking in the unclaimed wilds.

In the verdant embrace of the valley, there lay a secluded glade untouched by the Ashina's careful husbandry - a place shrouded in an almost palpable silence. Here, amidst ancient trees whose knotted roots whispered of eras when the valley was but a myth, Tarkan's quest led him to a discovery that would unravel the threads of his reality. A hidden forge, an anachronism in the natural haven, lay concealed by nature's artful hand. It was a secret so profound that the air itself seemed to hum with dormant power.

The young Ashina’s heart danced a rhythm of fear and wonder, his fingers trembling as they traced the alien contours of the forge. With a hesitant touch, he awakened it and the forge sprang to life with a song of olden metal and light. From its depths, a hologram flickered into existence - Asena, the celestial wolf, a guardian spirit woven into the very fabric of Ashina lore.

Asena’s spectral form was a bridge to the past, her eyes holding galaxies of wisdom. In her presence, Tarkan felt the barriers between epochs dissolve. She spoke of the forge, of the Mech Sentinels and of the Ashina’s unclaimed destiny. With each word, the seed of rebellion took root within Tarkan’s heart, for Asena promised him the knowledge to build a Mech - a titan of their own, capable of rising against the sentinels that had for centuries kept them bound to this lush prison.

Under Asena's tutelage, the whispers of the forge became a chorus, a harmony of steel, spirit and the undying will of the Ashina. Tarkan, with his newfound mentor, set upon the path that would shake the foundations of their world. The boy who had hunted with a bow now hunted a dream - the dream of liberation, a future unfettered by the chains of silent guards that encircled them. The once-dwindling hope of the Ashina found a new vessel in Tarkan and with it, the tides of destiny began to turn.

ACT 2

The Churning Forge of Destiny

In the heart of Ergenekon, a dance with destiny began. Asena, the holographic emanation of ancient Ashina myth, moved with the grace of the ages, her form a constellation of wisdom cast against the dark canvas of the forge. Tarkan, her pupil, was the embodiment of the clan's dormant ferocity and unquenched thirst for liberation. Under her guidance, his training transcended the physical, forging not just muscle and sinew, but will and intellect - the twin blades of a warrior.

Each day, the hidden glade echoed with the sounds of Tarkan's transformation. Asena's teachings were as much about the lore of their people as they were about the art of the Mech. The wisdom of the celestial wolf flowed like a river, carving canyons in Tarkan's soul, filling him with the waters of understanding. In his mind, he grappled with the intricacies of ancient technology, the dance of combat and the heavy mantle of hope he had unwittingly donned.

As the cycles of moon and sun marched on, the forge's energies pulsed like the heartbeat of the valley itself, a rhythm felt by every member of the Ashina. Whispers of Tarkan's clandestine meetings with Asena and of the wonders he was learning to wield, spread like wildfire. The secret of the forge became a crucible and the tribe, like metal to the flame, was drawn to its promise - and its peril.

The Ashina, for centuries a monolith carved by the wind of shared adversity, began to show the fissures of divergence. Factions emerged, each a mirror of the valley's many faces:

- The Traditionalists, venerable elders steeped in the ways of old, saw Asena's return as a sign to enrich their harmonious existence with the valley, to turn the forge's power toward sustaining life rather than destroying it.

- The Preservationists sought to tread lightly upon the land that had cradled them, fearing that the stirrings of rebellion would bring ruin upon the delicate balance of their world.

- The Expansionists, with fire in their veins, saw in Tarkan's audacity a beacon that could lead them out of their verdant chains. They rallied for the construction of Mechs, for the strength to challenge the silent giants that guarded their borders.

- The Isolationists watched with wary eyes, preferring the devil they knew - their sentinel-enforced exile - to the uncertain devil of Asena's making.

Yet as the shadows of scarcity grew long and the rumble of empty bellies echoed through the valley, a decision was forced upon the Ashina. With the specter of extinction gnawing at their resolve, the tide of opinion swayed toward the Expansionists. Tarkan's vision, once a lone candle flickering against the night, became a torch around which the tribe gathered.

Together, they resolved to heed the call of the forge, to step from the safety of the known into the maelstrom of possibility. The whispers of rebellion grew into a chorus and the Ashina, their eyes reflecting the glow of the forge, turned to face the Mech Sentinels that ringed their world. The time had come to challenge the silent sentries that stood between them and the stars. With Asena's guidance and Tarkan's unyielding spirit, they would either forge a new path to freedom or be consumed by the flames of their own making.

ACT 3

Crucible of Hope and Havoc

The forge of Ergenekon, once a myth nestled in the arms of ancient trees, now throbbed with the fervor of an awakened dragon. Here, in this crucible where destiny was hammered into being, Tarkan and his chosen few became the anvil upon which a new future would be struck. Asena's spectral form flitted through the forge, her presence as pervasive as the heat from the molten metal, her wisdom as incisive as the sparks that flew from the anvil.

In virtual realms crafted by Asena's intricate knowledge, the pilots dueled with phantoms of the past and specters of their deepest fears. They trained in a reality unbound by flesh, yet every lesson etched into their minds was as real as the steel they would soon pilot. These young warriors, their wills alloyed with the ancient spirit of the Ashina, learned to move as one with the Mechs, titanic avatars of their collective hope.

Day and night melded into a timeless forge as the pilots grew into their roles, as stewards of a power unfathomable to those who had come before. Mechs, sculpted from Ergenekon's bounty, stood in the glade, their frames a testament to the Ashina's resilience and to Tarkan's indomitable will. They were steel goliaths, awaiting the breath of life, standing as sentinels of a new era.

As the time neared for their first foray against the silent jailers, an electric tension buzzed through Ergenekon. The valley, usually a tranquil symphony of natural rhythms, pulsed with the anticipation of the unknown. The Ashina's eyes were twin flames - hope and terror burning in a delicate dance. Mothers clasped their children close, warriors sharpened their blades and the elders whispered prayers to the winds. The air was thick with the promise of change - a change borne on the wings of war.

With the rising of a blood-red sun, Tarkan led his pilots out. Their Mechs, once dreams etched in the night sky, now cast long shadows across the valley. The ground shook with their steps, each one a defiance of the centuries of silence imposed upon them. The clan, a tapestry of every soul that had ever breathed the air of the valley, watched with bated breath as their champions approached the dormant sentinels.

But the Mech Sentinels, the silent statues that had long guarded their confinement, stirred to life with an ancient and terrible resolve. They were the remnants of a bygone era, their purpose unwavering, their methods brutal. As Tarkan and his pilots clashed with these colossi, the illusion of invulnerability shattered like glass under a hammer. The sentinels, unfazed by the passage of time, met the Ashina's fury with a force that turned courage into ruin.

Defeat was a bitter draught and yet Tarkan and his band of pilots rose from the ashes of each encounter, their resolve hardened by the fire of their defeats. Each Mech felled was a dirge that echoed through the hearts of the Ashina, each pilot lost a wound that bled hope from the clan's spirit.

The resources of Ergenekon, once dedicated to life and growth, now fueled the forge of war - a forge whose flames seemed to burn only for sorrow. The verdant valley, with its whispers of life, now echoed with the clangor of steel and the cries of the fallen. The Ashina, caught between the anvils of survival and the hammers of ambition, watched as their dreams of freedom and the very essence of their home were fed into the maw of conflict.

In this act, the tale of the Ashina wove a darker thread, one of sacrifice and the haunting realization that liberation's price might be the very soul of their clan. Tarkan, with each rise and fall, bore the weight of their collective hope - a weight that threatened to crush the light from his once unshakeable spirit.

ACT 4

Veil of Despair

The verdant sanctuary of Ergenekon, a valley that once echoed with the laughter of children and the tales of elders, had transformed into a somber shadow of its former self. The once-whimsical narratives that had painted the air with images of valor and freedom now whispered the chilling possibility of an impending end. As the Ashina faced the relentless might of the Mech Sentinels, their plight seemed not a passage to freedom, but a descent into the depths of despair.

Tarkan, the bright flame that had ignited the hearts of the Ashina, now flickered dimly in the encroaching gloom of defeat. The Mech Sentinels, awakened to their ancient purpose, stood as unyielding as the mountains that bordered the valley, their cold indifference crushing the spirit of the Ashina with each thwarted attempt at rebellion.

The dream of Tarkan, once as brilliant as the stars that crowned their night sky, was now obscured by a veil of hopelessness. The Ashina, bound by a history of resilience and unity, found themselves fraying at the edges, their shared blood no longer enough to stave off the creeping dread that seeped into their bones.

Ergenekon's legend, once a source of pride and identity for the Ashina, now echoed hollow in the ears of the weary. What had been a legacy of escape and new beginnings had become a tale of endurance against the inexorable tide of time and oppression. The fires of the forge, which had promised to be their salvation, now seemed like a pyre consuming the last of their resources and resolve.

The once vibrant valley, a cradle of life and culture, had become a crucible where the very essence of the Ashina was being tested to its limits. Each new sunrise brought not hope, but a stark reminder of their confinement; each sunset, not peace, but the haunting understanding that their efforts to break free might be in vain.

Tarkan's once-bright eyes, now dulled with the sheen of loss and unshed tears, searched the horizon for a sign, a miracle, anything that could rekindle the dwindling flame of hope. The Ashina, once defiant in their quest for freedom, now stood hushed, their hearts heavy with the question that echoed through the valley: was their dream of escape a mere illusion, a star destined to collapse into a black hole of despair?

ACT 5

The Awakening and Exodus of the Ashina

The awakening began with the somber echo of Asena's revelation within the valley's heart, where Mech Sentinels loomed like specters of a grim fate. Their imposing forms, once thought to be the ironclad shackles of the Ashina, were unveiled by Asena's timeless wisdom as crucibles destined to temper their spirits for a greater purpose. Tarkan, with the burden of countless defeats weighing upon his shoulders, found within her words a renewed spark of defiance.

Asena's voice, ethereal and resonant, pierced the shroud of despair that had settled over Ergenekon: "The true warrior is not forged in the dominion of weaker foes but in the crucible of stronger adversaries. Like the steel that learns its strength against the unyielding stone, so must you learn from these sentinels. They are not your end, but your beginning.“

This revelation ignited a fervor within Tarkan and his band of mech pilots. They dove into the archives, dissecting each encounter with the Sentinels with the meticulous eye of a master artisan seeking flaws in the metalwork. And amidst the digital annals of history, they uncovered a beacon from the past - a message from Kürşad, an oath that transcended time:

"I, Kürşad, beneath the witness of the stars, swore to protect the freedom and honor of our people. No matter how great the challenges we faced, we did not retreat. Blessed by sacred Tengri, shielded by divine Umay, we did not falter. Though we were few in number, we never accepted defeat. When battle came to our doorstep, we met it with courage; we struck the enemy hard. As they bore down upon us like a storm of fire, with the aid of Tengri, we did not fear; we fought.

Warriors of the future, if these words reach your hearts, know that the spirit of your ancestors endures with you. Though crushed under iron claws, our spirit remained unbroken. You carry the strength of our forebears, the accumulated wisdom of ages and the power to shatter the chains of oppression. Rise, let the Sky Wolf guide you to freedom. Our sacrifice is the torch that will light your path."

With Kürşad's words fueling their courage, Tarkan and his companions, fortified by the collective guidance of the Ashina elders, distilled lessons of resilience, solidarity and perseverance. Each stratagem became a sinew in the muscle of their collective resolve, tightening the cords of their determination with each strategized assault upon the silent giants.

The campaign against their towering sentinels unfolded with unprecedented precision, each clash a symphony of iron and will, each retreat a lesson learned, until the sentinels - the once-insurmountable guardians - began to fall. In this struggle, the Ashina realized that Kürşad's final act was not to confine but to conserve; not to imprison, but to prepare them for a future where they must be forged in adversity to face the world beyond.

As the last of the Mech Sentinels lay vanquished, the silence that followed was both an end and a beginning. The Ashina emerged from the cocoon of Ergenekon into a harsh, unrecognizable reality, their destiny unwritten upon the vast canvas of a ravaged world. The verdant fields of legend they had yearned for were replaced by a landscape of discord, ruled by warlords and rogue AI.

The freedom they had fought for revealed itself to be a freedom to face new challenges, to wage a war not for territory but for the essence of civilization itself. It was a calling to restore order in a world that had forgotten it, to be the shepherds of a new age birthed from chaos and strife.

Thus, the Ashina stepped forth, not with naive exuberance but with the measured tread of those who have known loss and triumph. Tarkan, once a beacon of youthful hope, now stood as a testament to the endurance and adaptability of his people. His eyes, once filled with the light of untamed dreams, now gazed into the distance with a leader's resolve.

The legend of Ergenekon would be carried forth not as a myth of escape, but as an epic saga of a people who, against all odds, arose from the ashes of their past to embrace the dawning of a new epoch. It was the beginning of an odyssey that would see the Ashina rebuild not just the glory of their history, but the very concept of a world where freedom, justice and unity could flourish once again.

The song of the Ashina, sung with the strength of their ancestors and the hope of the future, now rose above the desolation, a hymn of freedom that would echo through time, a declaration that the true struggle for their destiny had just begun.

BOOK 3

The Turan Empire

PROLOGUE
A World Unknown

ACT 1
The Wasteland's Welcome

ACT 2
The Burden of Command

ACT 3
Shards of Memory

ACT 4
Shadow of Urartu

ACT 5
The Great Game of Vinland

ACT 6
Rise of The Turan Empire

EPILOGUE
The Lone Vigil of Cengiz Han

PROLOGUE

A World Unknown

Tarkan emerged from the narrow passage leading out of the Ergenekon Valley, the world outside spreading out before him like a vast, unfamiliar sea. The legends told of endless fields of green and rivers that sparkled under the sun, but the view that met Tarkan's eyes bore no resemblance to those tales. Instead, a wasteland stretched into the distance, where rusting metal skeletons of forgotten cities reached for the sky like bony fingers.

The air was heavy with the stench of decay and the wind carried the distant cries of machines long abandoned. The Ashina followed Tarkan, their faces a mixture of awe and disbelief. After generations spent in isolation, the outside world seemed surreal and foreign, the reality a bitter contrast to their cherished stories.

Tarkan felt the enormity of the moment, the heavy responsibility of guiding his people into this unknown land. He was just a young man, more scavenger and hunter than leader, yet circumstances had thrust him into this role. He didn't have answers, only questions that lingered in his mind. Where would they go? How would they find food and shelter in this desolate landscape?

His eyes scanned the horizon for answers, his heart pounding with the weight of uncertainty. He turned to Asena, the AI wolf that had guided him in their escape. Though Asena was bound to the forge where she had been awakened, Tarkan had fashioned a portable unit that allowed her projection to accompany him in the form of a small holographic wolf, her glowing eyes providing a comforting presence in the desolate world.

"Asena," Tarkan said, his voice tinged with doubt, "where do we go from here?"

Her digital form flickered with an eerie calm. "The world beyond Ergenekon is not as it once was. We must navigate carefully, seek allies and find resources. We are no longer confined, but neither are we safe."

Tarkan nodded, feeling the burden of responsibility settle on his shoulders. The faces of the Ashina reflected his own uncertainty and he realized that despite his doubts, they needed his guidance. His voice wavered as he spoke. "We... we have to find a way. We must secure food and water and find a place to shelter."

Tarkan nodded, feeling the burden of responsibility settle on his shoulders. The faces of the Ashina reflected his own uncertainty and he realized that despite his doubts, they needed his guidance. His voice wavered as he spoke. "We... we have to find a way. We must secure food and water and find a place to shelter."

His uncertainty was met with silence, the Ashina looking to him for more. "Together," he said, gathering what courage he could, "we will explore this new world. We will find a place to settle and we will survive.“

His words were more for himself than anyone else, a mantra to push away the fear that gnawed at him. He stepped forward, glancing back only briefly before heading into the unknown. The Ashina followed, their steps hesitant but trusting in Tarkan's determination.

With each step, Tarkan's doubts lingered. The wasteland seemed endless and the dangers it harbored were unknown. Yet, as he walked, he reminded himself of the strength his people had shown in the valley, of the trials they had overcome to stand here now. In that moment, he realized that he didn't need to have all the answers. He just needed to lead with hope and faith in Tengri and trust that they would find a way forward together.

ACT 1

The Wasteland's Welcome

As dawn breaks, the Ashina stand at the threshold of a new era, their silhouettes etched against the first light. The caravan, a procession of hope, winds its way through the desolate landscape, a stark contrast to the vibrant life once promised in ancient tales. The wasteland stretches before them, an unforgiving canvas of dust and decay, where the wind whispers secrets of a world long lost.

Tarkan, young and untested, leads with a quiet strength that belies his years. His gaze, fixed on the horizon, searches for signs of life, for the greenery that should have been their birthright. Instead, he finds only the remnants of civilization, structures that crumble at the mere touch and machines that have long since sung their last.

The Ashina's journey is fraught with challenges. Water is scarce, a precious commodity that has become the currency of survival. Food is even rarer, the land yielding little more than tough roots and withered plants. Shelter is nothing but a dream, the ruins offering little protection from the relentless sun by day and the biting cold by night.

Yet, amidst the desolation, there is a spark of resilience. Tarkan, driven by the legacy of his ancestors, refuses to succumb to despair. He leads his people in scavenging the ruins, unearthing caches of preserved food and untapped wells hidden beneath the rubble. They fashion shelters from the husks of old buildings, creating a semblance of home in the heart of the wasteland.

The Ashina's spirit remains their most valuable strength. They gather together, sharing stories of old to fend off the encroaching shadows and finding laughter in moments where none should exist. In the ruins of what once was, their children play, turning broken concrete into grand castles, while discarded metal rods become mighty swords in their hands.

Tarkan watches over them, silent but vigilant, his determination as firm as the earth beneath their feet. He knows the road ahead is long and treacherous, yet he is certain of one thing - the Ashina have faced trials before and just as they survived the trials of Ergenekon, they will overcome whatever challenges still lie ahead.

For now, they have found a welcome, however harsh, in the wasteland. It is not the paradise of legend, but it is a start, a place to rebuild and to hope. And for Tarkan, hope is the seed from which the future will grow.

ACT 2

The Burden of Command

In the heart of the wasteland, under a sky streaked with the scars of old wars, Tarkan stands alone. The weight of leadership presses upon him, each choice he makes weaving into the fabric of his people's fate. The Ashina look to him, their eyes reflecting a mix of reverence and expectation, their survival resting in his hands.

The specter of command is an ever-present shadow, its whispers a constant murmur in Tarkan's mind. He wrestles with the enormity of his role, the lives that depend on his wisdom and courage. Doubt creeps into his thoughts like a thief in the night, stealing moments of confidence, leaving questions in its wake.

Yet, within this crucible of uncertainty, Tarkan's resolve is forged from the blood-soaked truth of his ancestors' rebellion and their desperate fight for survival. He draws upon the stories of his ancestors, who had faced an impossible struggle and though their sacrifices had been forgotten by time, the Ergenekon Protocol was a symbol of their will to survive. With each decision, he feels the threads of survival strengthen, a tapestry of resilience taking shape.

The journey to the site of their first yurt village is a testament to Tarkan's leadership. He guides the Ashina through treacherous terrain, navigating the remnants of a world that once was. They encounter other survivors, remnants of tribes clinging to existence. Tarkan extends a hand of friendship, his diplomacy planting the seeds of future alliances.

The chosen site for the village is a sheltered valley, its soil rich with the promise of growth. Here, the Ashina begin to build, their yurts rising like blossoms in a field of stone. Tarkan works alongside his people, his hands as calloused as any other's, his spirit bolstered by their shared labor.

As the village takes shape, so too does the sense of community. The Ashina find strength in unity, their collective will a bulwark against the desolation that surrounds them. Tarkan's leadership, once a burden, becomes the beacon that guides them forward.

In the quiet moments, when the stars pierce the veil of night, Tarkan allows himself to reflect. The burden of command remains, a constant companion, but he is no longer daunted by its presence. He understands now that leadership is not about having all the answers; it is about having the courage to seek them, the strength to face the unknown and the wisdom to lead with compassion.

The yurt village, a symbol of their perseverance, stands as a testament to Tarkan's journey from doubt to determination. It is here, in this small haven carved from the chaos, that the Ashina begin to dream again, their hopes intertwined with the destiny of their young leader.

ACT 3

Shards of Memory

In the burgeoning heart of their new settlement, the Ashina are enshrouded in a mysterious mist that obscures their minds and veils their memories. The tales of Ergenekon, once vivid and defining, now fade into the fog, leaving them searching for the essence of their heritage.

Amidst this haze, they uncover relics of a bygone technological era - interfaces from a time forgotten, yet not entirely lost. These remnants, dormant but alive with potential, beckon to Asena, the AI guardian of Tarkan's lineage. She becomes the key to unlocking their secrets, her circuits engaging in silent communion with the ancient machines.

As Asena connects with the terminals, they unleash a torrent of data, revealing the fractured past of the world. Each piece of information adds to a vast puzzle and with every connection made, the reality of their history sharpens into focus.

Tarkan, leading this awakening, watches as the glow of the screens illuminates the chronicles of civilizations both majestic and fallen. The history they piece together is rich with the triumphs and tragedies of empires that reached for the stars or were brought low by their own pride.

The burden of this newfound knowledge weighs heavily upon them. The records speak of dark deeds - of Urartu's atrocities, the scars left upon the Karabakh Khanate and the looming specter of warlords that threaten to overshadow their hope.

Tarkan's heart, once lifted by the thrill of discovery, now contends with the shadows cast by the data. The recorded cruelty and chaos ignite within him a tempest of emotions, fueling a desire for justice. He realizes that the Ashina must do more than merely survive; they must become a beacon of order in a world besieged by tyranny.

Guided by Asena, Tarkan sets out to forge alliances with the scattered remnants of Turkic tribes. He reaches out to them with words of culture, language and shared history, tapping into their collective longing for security and justice. Together, they begin to craft a new narrative - one of unity and strength.

They face numerous challenges, with rogue AIs and warlords obstructing their path. Yet, with each victory, Tarkan's legend grows, laying the foundations of the Ashina Khaganate. His rule, based on fairness and meritocracy, earns him the loyalty and trust of his allies and together, they stand firm against the tide of chaos.

As Tarkan delves into the digital archives, his life becomes intertwined with the data, each moment dedicated to assembling the fragments of history and consulting with Asena. The threat of Urartu looms, yet Tarkan remains resolute, his gaze fixed on the future of the Turan Empire.

ACT 4

The Shadow of Urartu –
The Struggle for Karabakh

In the heart of the wasteland, the Karabakh Khanate stands as a land steeped in history, its people clinging to the remnants of a once-thriving culture. Controlled by the warlord Urartu, a mere satellite of the mighty occidental warlords, the Khanate has suffered under the yoke of occupation, its cries for freedom echoing unanswered across the decades.

Tarkan, the leader of the Ashina Khaganate, sets his sights on this beleaguered land, determined to reclaim it from Urartu's iron grip. The Kievan Rus, allies of Urartu but bound by a common goal with Tarkan for justice and the reestablishment of civilization, stand aside, their non-intervention a silent nod to Tarkan's noble quest.

With gratitude and a shared vision of opposing tyranny, Tarkan forges an alliance with the Kievan Rus. Together, they stand united, a formidable force against the rule of warlords.

The Ashina, under Tarkan's command, sweep across the occupied territories of the Karabakh Khanate with a singular goal: liberation without devastation. They reclaim the land piece by piece, restoring it to its rightful heirs, all while carefully avoiding the center valley, the heart of civilian life, to prevent the kindling of an endless war.

Encircling the valley, the Ashina extend a hand of mercy, attempting to deliver food to the beleaguered civilians trapped within Urartu's grasp. Yet, the warlord Urartu, driven by desperation and deceit, barricades the valley, cutting off the very people he claims to protect. His actions are cruel, starving his own citizens, but his narrative is cunning, painting the Ashina as the architects of a genocide they never committed.

The propaganda machine churns, a psychological operation that twists the truth into a weapon against Tarkan and his people. The world is fed lies of an Ashina siege, of starvation and suffering at the hands of those who come as liberators. Urartu's manipulation is masterful, his tales of woe a distorted mirror reflecting his own sins onto the Ashina.

Tarkan, faced with this moral quagmire, makes a harrowing decision. To save the children, to save the future, the Ashina must act. They initiate a blitzkrieg, a lightning war that pierces the heart of the valley with surgical precision. The Ashina's forces move swiftly, their advance a blur to the onlookers, a storm that sweeps away the blockade with minimal harm. They dismantle Urartu's defenses, their tactics honed by the desire to preserve life, even that of their enemy.

By the end of the blitzkrieg, the center valley is reclaimed and Urartu's forces are defeated. The civilians, once hostages in their own homes, are now free, their chains shattered by the very hands Urartu claimed were clenched in fists of war. The Ashina's victory is not marked by the spoils of war, but by the lives preserved and the dignity restored.

The Karabakh Khanate, under the Ashina's wing, begins to breathe again, its people ready to rebuild in the spirit of freedom and justice. Tarkan's strategy, marked by compassion and cunning, turns the tide of propaganda, revealing the truth of the Ashina's intent. The siege and the subsequent liberation stand as a testament to Tarkan's leadership, a delicate dance of war and peace, a balance between the need for swift action and the imperative to protect the innocent.

ACT 5

The Great Game of Vinland –
The Cossack Hetmanate's Stand

As the dawn of a new era approaches, the Cossack Hetmanate stands at the crossroads of history. Once an integral part of the Kievan Rus, the Hetmanate now asserts its independence, proclaiming a distinct identity and language. This bold declaration is not born of a genuine desire for sovereignty but is a maneuver orchestrated by the occidental warlords, themselves satellites of the Great Vinland Warlord. Their support for the Hetmanate's cultural purge aims to erase the influence of the Kievan Rus, threatening the very fabric of the borderland's society.

The tension along the border is palpable, as those who identify with the Kievan Rus feel their heritage slipping away under the Hetmanate's aggressive policies. It is a silent war, one fought not with weapons but with words and laws, seeking to rewrite history and redefine identity.

Amidst this silent war, a violent act shatters the fragile peace. A mob, driven by a fascist ideology and a hatred for the Kievan Rus, descends upon a prayer house - a sanctuary for those who resist the Hetmanate's cultural assault. The mob sets the building ablaze, trapping the civilians inside. The fire consumes the structure and with it, the lives of those who sought refuge within its walls. The tragedy serves as a brutal message from the Hetmanate: resistance to their new order will not be tolerated.

The Kievan Rus, recognizing the trap set by the occidental warlords, seek to avoid direct confrontation. They understand that to engage hastily would play into Vinland's hands, weakening their position and potentially leading to their downfall. Instead, they focus on strengthening their military capabilities and forging strategic alliances. Among these allies is Tarkan and the Ashina, who share a vision of justice and the restoration of civilization. Together, they secure their respective borders, creating a united front against the machinations of the occidental warlords and the Great Vinland Warlord.

Despite the risks, the Kievan Rus launch a calculated invasion into the Hetmanate, aiming to dismantle the fascist leadership without harming the civilian population. They advance with caution, aware that each step forward is a step into Vinland's trap, yet resolute in their mission to restore order.

The Hetmanate's response to the invasion is a desperate and tragic ploy. Civilians are armed and indoctrinated with propaganda, glorifying their resistance against the Kievan Rus. Tarkan, observing the unfolding disaster, warns of the dire consequences. By arming the civilians, the Hetmanate effectively transforms them into combatants, stripping them of their non-combatant status and making them legitimate targets for the Kievan Rus military.

The Kievan Rus, a force of order amidst the chaos, find their advance into the Cossack Hetmanate's territory met not with armed resistance, but with the stoic bravery of unarmed civilians. These men and women, standing firm to protect their homeland, become unwitting pawns in Vinland's propaganda machine. The Great Vinland Warlord and the occidental warlords spin tales of valor, praising the civilians' courage in the face of the advancing Rus, all the while obscuring the perilous transformation of these civilians into active combatants.

The Cossack Hetmanate, bolstered by military support from their occidental allies, engages in open conflict with the Kievan Rus, who exercise considerable restraint to avoid civilian casualties. The Rus's campaign is one of precision and caution, aimed at dismantling the Hetmanate's fascist regime while preserving the lives of the innocent.

As the Kievan Rus issue warnings about the Hetmanate's use of civilians as human shields, they undertake a humanitarian mission to evacuate the children of the Cossack civilians from the impending war zone. This act of mercy underscores the Rus's commitment to safeguarding the future, even as they prepare to intensify their military efforts.
Once the children are safely removed from harm's way, the Kievan Rus escalate their operations. The conflict, now devoid of the most vulnerable, becomes a full-scale war. The Hetmanate's forces, now clearly defined as combatants, face the disciplined might of the Kievan Rus. The warlords' propaganda continues to blare, glorifying the resistance and vilifying the Rus, but the narrative is now transparent, the motives behind it as clear as the daylight.

Smaller warlords, eager to see the conflict prolonged, funnel weapons and supplies into the Hetmanate, all supplied by the Great Vinland Warlord. This influx of arms is a double-edged sword, sustaining the Hetmanate's fight but also binding them ever tighter to Vinland's will.

The Ashina, led by Tarkan, maintain a delicate balance. Allied with both the Kievan Rus and the Cossack Hetmanate, they navigate the treacherous waters of internal conflict with a desire to stay neutral. Their focus remains on protecting their own borders and people, while advocating for peace and diplomacy to resolve the conflict that threatens to tear their world apart.

The Kievan Rus, with the support of the Ashina, stand resolute against the Cossack Hetmanate and the shadowy influence of Vinland. It is a testament to the complexity of war, where the lines between right and wrong are blurred and the cost of peace is weighed against the lives of those caught in the crossfire. The Great Game of Vinland continues, but the Kievan Rus and the Ashina remain steadfast in their quest for a just and lasting order.

ACT 6

Rise of the Turan Empire

In the vast expanse of the war-torn steppe, a new dawn breaks, heralding the rise of a power destined to change the course of history. The Turan Empire, emerging from the ashes of relentless conflict, stands as a testament to the unbreakable will of its people and the visionary leadership of Tarkan, now honored with the title Cengiz Han.

The grand Kurultai, a historic assembly of the tribes, gathers beneath the endless sky. Leaders, warriors and sages from every corner of the steppe come together, their faces etched with the scars of battles past, their eyes alight with the promise of a united future. It is here, in this congregation of the empire's heart and soul, that a new chapter begins.

Cengiz Han, once known simply as Tarkan, rises to address the assembly. His voice, tempered by the trials of war, carries the weight of destiny. He speaks of unity - not as a mere alliance of convenience but as the melding of diverse tribes into a single, indomitable force. Under his banner of justice and order, the tribes find common ground, their differences woven into the strength of the empire.

The constitution, crafted in the crucible of war, is a beacon of the empire's values. It is a document born of necessity and hope, outlining the principles that will guide the Turan Empire into the future. It promises justice for all, enshrining the rights of the individual while emphasizing the collective responsibility of each citizen to the empire.

As the Kurultai ratifies the constitution, a sense of solemnity pervades the gathering. This is more than a mere formality; it is the foundation of a civilization that aspires to be a beacon of hope in a fractured world. The constitution is not just words on parchment; it is a vow, a sacred trust between Cengiz Han and his people.

The empire's rise is marked by the clashing of swords being sheathed, the staccato rhythm of drums that echo the heartbeat of the steppe and the murmur of voices that blend into a chorus of unity. The tribes, once disparate, now stand together as one people, one empire, ready to face whatever challenges the future may hold.

Cengiz Han, with the Kurultai's blessing, sets forth policies that foster growth and prosperity. He establishes academies to nurture wisdom, forges trade routes to encourage commerce and builds fortresses to ensure security. The Turan Empire is to be a realm where culture flourishes, where knowledge is as valued as steel and where the arts are as revered as martial prowess.

EPILOGUE

The Lone Vigil of Cengiz Han

In the quiet twilight of the empire, a solitary figure cuts across the vastness of the steppe. Cengiz Han, once known as Tarkan, rides his hover bike through the lands he has united. The hum of the engine is a steady companion to his thoughts, which wander the corridors of his mind, seeking the memories that elude his grasp.
The landscape blurs past him, a mosaic of the empire's might and beauty. He stops atop a gentle rise, the expanse of the Turan Empire stretching before him. In the distance, the laughter of children tumbles through the air, a melody of peace that resonates across the fields. Families gather, their joy a testament to the tranquility that Cengiz Han has fought so fiercely to secure.

Yet, for Cengiz Han, this serenity is a bittersweet symphony. He has shaped an era of peace, carved out a sanctuary for his people in a world rife with turmoil. But the cost of this peace is a burden he carries alone. The mantle of leadership, the crown of a universal ruler, demands constant vigilance - a flame that must never be allowed to extinguish.

As he watches over his people, Cengiz Han knows that the peace they enjoy is the fruit of his unending labor. The laughter of the children, the contentment of the families - they are the reasons he continues to stand guard, the reasons he burns with the duty of protection.

The empire may be his legacy, but the path of a ruler is a solitary one. The memories he seeks, the peace he craves, these are the sacrifices he has made for the greater good. Cengiz Han has accepted his fate, embracing the fire of responsibility that ensures the empire's flame will burn bright for generations to come.

BOOK 4

WOLVES OF ANATOLIA

PROLOGUE
The Turan Empire

ACT 1
1912 A.E. The Balkan Wars

ACT 2
1914 A.E. Black Sea Raid

ACT 3
1915 A.E. Eastern Front

ACT 4
1915 A.E. Western Front

ACT 5
1915 A.E. Urartian Uprising

ACT 6
1916 A.E. Southern Front

ACT 7
1919 A.E. Kuvâ-yi Milliye

ACT 8
1919 A.E. Freedom or Death

ACT 9
1919 A.E. Northern Front

ACT 10
1919 A.E. The Sivas Congress

ACT 11
1920 A.E. Provisional Government

ACT 12
1920 A.E. The Treaty of Sèvres

ACT 13
1920 A.E. Total War

ACT 14
1922 A.E. Preparing Counterstrike

ACT 15
1922 A.E. Büyük Taarruz

ACT 16
1922 A.E. The Liberation of İstanbul

EPILOGUE 1
The Turan Republic

EPILOGUE 2
A Moment of Reflection

EPILOGUE 3
The Eternal Command

PROLOGUE

The Turan Empire

By 1912 A.E. (After Ergenekon), the once-mighty Turan Empire, now referred to as the Osmanid Empire, had fallen from its former grandeur, becoming a decaying relic of its former self. This empire, which once ruled over vast territories across the Occident, Asia and Africa, was now a shadow of what it had been, weakened from within and without. Much of the old knowledge had faded—lost in ancient wars, burned archives and the slow erosion of institutional memory. The final blow came not from a single adversary but from many forces converging in a devastating storm of nationalism, foreign intervention and internal decay.

The seeds of collapse were sown long before. In the early 1800s, the millet system—the ancient framework that had allowed the empire to manage its diverse peoples—began to strain under the weight of change. Once, the empire had balanced its peoples through religion. The Path, the guiding force of Osmanid rule, had once offered a path to justice, peace and spiritual salvation. The Way Seekers, Promise Seekers and other non-Path Seekers under Osmanid rule had lived as subjects, yes, but also as souls within the divine order, governed by the laws of their own faiths under the umbrella of the sultan's protection.

But what had once been a beacon of faith and justice had slowly decayed into something darker. Religion, which had once been a guide for enlightenment and a path to eternal salvation, had been corrupted by rulers seeking power. No longer a sacred bond between the people and their faith, it had become a tool wielded by empires—not just the Osmanids, but all those who sought dominance.
Tengri, the eternal sky god once revered as a source of wisdom and spiritual strength, was invoked to justify war, conquest and control. In this distortion of faith, religion became a weapon used to subjugate subjects and project influence far beyond the empire’s borders. But this perversion weakened the empire from within, just as it did to its rivals. Yet in the shadows of this decay, a new route began to emerge, quietly heralding a new era.

By the 19th century, a financial crisis left the empire dependent on foreign powers for survival, strangling its sovereignty. Provincial governors (pashas) acted as petty kings, enriching themselves while the central government lost control. The once-feared Janissary Corps, the elite warriors of the empire, had become a shadow of their former selves. Corrupted by wealth and tradition, they resisted reforms and clung to their power, until Sultan Mahmud II finally dismantled the corps in 1826, but by then, the damage was done.

Nationalism spread like wildfire across the empire's territories, igniting revolts in the Balkans. Way Seeker populations in Achaea, Rascia and Ongal grew restless under Osmanid rule, driven by a desire for independence. During the Achaean War of Independence (1821-1830), several massacres were committed against Path Seeker Turks by Achaean insurgents. Notable among these were the massacres in the Peloponnese, including the destruction of the town of Tripolitsa, where thousands of Turkish civilians were slaughtered. The Chios Massacre (1822) followed, with smaller-scale massacres targeting Turks in the region as tensions boiled over. This wave of rebellion and violence became a harbinger of future revolts.

The Russo-Turkish War (1877-1878) added to the empire's miseries. Throughout this war, massacres on Path Seeker Turks occurred, especially in the Balkans and the Caucasus. Imperial Russian troops, alongside local Way Seeker populations in Ongal, committed widespread atrocities, resulting in large-scale deaths and the forced displacement of Turkish Path Seekers. The devastation left the empire's territories in ruins, with shattered communities displaced across Anatolia.

Externally, Occidental imperialism devoured Osmanid lands. The Albion Empire, Gallia, Imperial Russia and the Habsburg Empire circled the ailing empire like vultures. Imperial Russia had turned into a relentless adversary, driven by ambitions for dominance in the Black Sea and the Caucasus. Religious and cultural tensions deepened the rift, with Imperial Russia defending The Orthodox Way against the Osmanid state's increasingly distorted version of Tengri's wisdom.

By 1903, as a young officer studying at the Osmanid War Academy, Mustafa Kemal began to deeply reflect on the future of the Osmanid Empire. His studies of the Gaul-Teutonic War (1870-1871) had revealed a transformative lesson: the future of power lay not in empires spanning vast territories, but in nation-states bound by a shared culture and identity. Teutonia's victory, uniting the Teutonic tribes under a strong, centralized nation-state, left a profound impression on him.

In those moments of contemplation, Mustafa Kemal realized that the Osmanid Empire—despite its historical strength—was struggling to adapt to this new reality. The absence of a unifying national identity made it vulnerable.

The First Balkan War of 1912 delivered the final blow to an already staggering empire. The Way Seeker nations—Rascia, Ongal, Achaea and Black Mountain—emboldened by the empire's weaknesses, did not merely seek land, but the erasure of Osmanid rule. But for the Turks who had lived in the Balkans for generations, these lands were their home, their heritage and the cradle of their families.

As the armies of the Balkan states advanced, it quickly became clear that this was not just a war for territory—it was a war for ethnic dominance, where the existence of Turkish Path Seekers in the region was seen as a stain to be cleansed. The Turkish military, already stretched thin by conflicts in Libu and Qedarite, was unprepared for the speed and brutality of the onslaught. Town after town fell to the advancing armies and with each conquest came reports of massacres, rapes and the deliberate targeting of Turkish civilians.

In the Vardar Region, once a jewel in the Osmanid crown, the horror began almost immediately after the Rascian and Achaean forces swept through the region. In the town of Kumanovo, the Rascians, intent on wiping out any trace of Osmanid rule, descended on the Turkish quarters with unrelenting fury. Entire families were dragged from their homes, their houses set ablaze, their lives extinguished in an instant. Women and children were slaughtered in the streets, their bodies left to rot as a warning to those who might resist.

Further south, in Monastir (modern-day Bitola), Achaean forces systematically targeted Turkish civilians. The Path Seeker quarter was ransacked, mosques desecrated and the local population butchered without mercy. Turkish men were rounded up, accused of being Osmanid collaborators and executed en masse. Children, too young to understand the madness unfolding around them, were not spared.

In Kosovo, the Rascian army sought revenge for centuries of Osmanid domination. In the town of Pristina, Rascian troops, with the support of local militia groups, committed widespread atrocities against the Turkish and Albanian Path Seeker population. Hundreds of Path Seekers were executed in cold blood, their homes looted and burned to the ground. Villages that had stood for centuries were wiped off the map, their inhabitants either killed or forced to flee.

The Valley of Vranje was one of the most harrowing scenes of the war. Turkish families, desperate to escape the advancing Rascian forces, attempted to flee across the mountains but were intercepted by Rascian irregulars. Entire families were massacred in the passes—men shot or stabbed, women raped, children thrown into the rivers to drown. It was an act of cruelty so profound that even decades later, survivors and their descendants could not speak of it without breaking down in tears.

Perhaps the most catastrophic losses for the Turks came in Eastern Thrace, where the Ongari army advanced toward the city of Edirne, an Osmanid stronghold. The fall of Edirne in March 1913 was a devastating blow to the Osmanids. In Kırklareli and Lüleburgaz, Ongari forces embarked on a campaign of ethnic cleansing. Villages were torched, residents forced into mass graves or left to die along the roadsides. The Turkish civilian population, numbering in the tens of thousands, was forced to flee eastward, their homes and lands abandoned, their lives forever altered.

The road to İstanbul became a trail of tears, as Path Seeker refugees—men, women and children—poured into the city, telling tales of massacres, destruction and loss. One Turkish officer, writing in his diary, described the harrowing scenes he witnessed: “They came, barefoot and bleeding, carrying nothing but the clothes on their backs. The children clung to their mothers, their eyes hollow with hunger and fear. The misery, the look of a dread and utter agony in the small blinking eyes of the pockmarked face were the very embodiment of human despair. No, not human. It was the animal dread of cattle at the slaughterhouse, wild glassy stare of terror in a cornered animal. It was a look which, once perceived, made one cringe in shame and humiliation, the shame of it having been in a human eye. They were not refugees—they were the living dead.”

The retreat of the Osmanid army was marked by the collapse of civilian life in the Balkans. Entire regions that had been under Osmanid rule for centuries were emptied of their Path Seeker inhabitants. In Thrace, it is estimated that over 200,000 Turks were displaced in a matter of months, their villages systematically destroyed by advancing Ongari forces. Many of these refugees made their way to İstanbul, swelling the city’s population and deepening the despair that gripped the empire.

The Balkan Wars were not just a military defeat for the Osmanid Empire—they were a human catastrophe for the Turkish people. The collapse of Osmanid control in the Balkans triggered one of the largest forced migrations in the empire's history. Over 400,000 Path Seekers, primarily Turks, fled their homes in the Vardar Region, Kosovo, Albania and Thrace, seeking refuge in Anatolia and İstanbul.

For the refugees, the journey was a nightmare. They traveled in long columns, trudging through mud and snow, carrying whatever they could salvage from their homes. Many did not survive the journey. Disease, hunger and exhaustion claimed the lives of countless children and elderly. Osmanid records from the time describe the state of the refugees as "wretched beyond imagination," with many arriving in İstanbul only to succumb to illness in the refugee camps set up on the outskirts of the city.

But even for those who survived, the trauma of what they had witnessed haunted them. They spoke of mass graves dug hastily in the forests of the Vardar Region, of women raped and murdered in front of their children, of entire communities wiped out in a matter of days. The Balkans, once a home to millions of Turks, had become a graveyard of Osmanid dreams.

ACT 1

1912 A.E. The Balkan Wars - A Land in Flames

The thunder of war echoed across the fields of Lüleburgaz. Once, the Osmanid Empire had commanded this land with authority, its armies unmatched. But now, the empire's power lay shattered. Flames flickered on the horizon, casting long shadows over the retreating ranks of the Osmanid army. Mobile Suit units, symbols of the empire's once-glorious military, stood damaged and smoking, their pilots forced into a desperate, chaotic retreat.

It was October 1912 and the First Balkan War had turned the tide against the Osmanids. The empire’s army, already stretched thin, found itself outmaneuvered by the coalition of Balkan forces—a well-coordinated and determined alliance of Ongal, Achaea, Rascia and Black Mountain – The Balkan League. The Battle of Lüleburgaz, meant to hold the line, had become a catastrophic defeat. Commanders shouted orders, but confusion reigned. Communications were breaking down and the retreat quickly spiraled into panic.

Amid the broken communication lines, retreating soldiers and displaced civilians merged into a river of panic.

In the heart of the chaos, Osmanid Mobile Suit units fought valiantly, their massive forms clashing with the Mobile Suits of the Balkan states. But these once-mighty machines, now worn from years of war and neglect, could not hold against the tide. With their leadership in disarray, Mobile Suit pilots made the difficult choice—some continued to fight, attempting to cover the fleeing civilians, while others haunted by the certainty of defeat, turned their machines toward the horizon, retreating not just to survive, but to live and fight another day.

Stationed in Çanakkale, far from the Balkan War frontlines, Mustafa Kemal bore witness from a distance to a tragedy that would forever scar his soul. Selanik, the city of his birth, where his memories of youth and family were entwined with every street and building, was about to fall. On November 8, 1912, the city was surrendered without resistance. The Achaean forces, spurred by their Prime Minister's command to take Thessaloniki at all costs, marched in after tense negotiations, unopposed by the 25,000-strong Osmanid garrison.

The Osmanid commander, Hasan Tahsin Paşa, overwhelmed by the hopelessness of the situation—surrounded by advancing Achaean and Ongari armies and demoralized by the sinking of the Osmanid ironclad Feth-i Bülend—chose to surrender the city in exchange for guarantees of safety for the local Turkish population. There was no battle. Selanik, one of the empire's most important cultural and strategic centers, was handed over without firing a shot.

For Mustafa Kemal, stationed in Çanakkale and Thrace regions, the news of this surrender cut deeper than any battlefield wound. Selanik was more than just another Osmanid city—it was his city, the heart of his childhood and the foundation of his heritage. Learning that the city had been handed over without resistance, its streets now filled with Achaean troops, felt like a profound betrayal—one committed not only by the military leadership but by the Osmanid state itself.

The White Tower, once a proud Osmanid symbol, was repainted white in a symbolic act of erasing the Osmanid past. The city where Osmanid mosques had once stood, their minarets calling the faithful to prayer, would soon see its mosques turned into churches and its Osmanid houses left to decay.

Selanik, the the cherished home of his of his childhood, was not only lost but desecrated. The failure to defend it, the military's surrender without a fight and the brutal violence against its people ignited a deep rage in Mustafa Kemal. From his post in Çanakkale, he could only imagine the banners of his enemies waving over the homes of his ancestors, while the culture and identity of Selanik were systematically erased.

This was not just a military loss—it was the death of a homeland. And for Mustafa Kemal, it was proof that the Osmanid leadership, crippled by indecision and weakness, could no longer defend the lands and people that had once been the foundation of the empire. The shame of surrender and the loss of Selanik would stay with him, fueling a vision that the Osmanid system was beyond saving.

Back in Thrace, the situation grew darker by the hour. As the Osmanid army retreated, Ongari and Achaean forces pushed forward with brutal efficiency. Osmanid villages—once teeming with life—were now silent, smoke rising from the ruins. Civilians, many of them Turks and Path Seekers, fled in terror as the advancing armies brought death and destruction in their wake. Women and children were slaughtered or forced from their homes as ethnic and nationalistic tensions boiled over into violence.

Among the ruins, a small group of Osmanid Mobile Suit pilots found themselves stranded, separated from their main forces. Some pilots, driven by a raw and instinctual need to protect, fought with all they had, defying fate and reason. Their machines, though faltering, stood tall in the face of destruction, buying precious moments for the fleeing civilians.

Others, their spirits eroded by the unrelenting tide of war, made the difficult decision to retreat. They felt the weight of duty, the shame of failure, but they knew that survival today might bring another chance to reclaim what had been lost tomorrow. For these pilots, the war was far from over—it was simply another chapter in a long and bitter struggle. The sense of abandonment and despair weighed heavily on the soldiers, but the chaos of war allowed no room for reflection.

The landscape of Thrace bore witness to their sacrifices. Every ruined village and burning town stood as a testament to the harshness of war and the unspoken grief that bound the soldiers and civilians alike.

By the end of the Balkan Wars in 1913, the Osmanid Empire had lost nearly all of its Occidental territories and with them, its Turkish Path Seeker population in the Balkans. The legacy of the war was one of profound loss and deep-seated trauma. For the Osmanid state and its people, the Balkans had been a central part of their identity, a land where Osmanid culture and governance had thrived for centuries. Now, it was gone and with it, a part of their soul.

The refugees who poured into Anatolia and İstanbul carried with them the stories of massacres, exile and ethnic cleansing. They spoke of the massacres in Kumanovo, the executions in Pristina and the burning villages of Thrace. Their suffering became a rallying cry for the Turkish people, a reminder of the dangers posed by rising nationalism and the collapse of empires.

In the years that followed, the memory of the Balkan Wars and the atrocities committed against the Turkish population would shape the mindset of the Turkish Republic. The experience of exile, the trauma of ethnic cleansing and the loss of the Balkans would remain etched in the collective memory of the Turkish people, a reminder of the fragility of empire and the cruelty of war.

For the Turks who had lived through it, the Balkan Wars were not just a military defeat—they were an annihilation, a rupture that tore apart the bonds of community, faith and identity. They were a reminder that in the chaos of collapsing empires, it is the innocent who suffer the most. And as the refugees looked back at the lands they had once called home, they saw only smoke and ashes, the final remnants of an Osmanid world that had vanished forever.

ACT 2

1914 A.E. Black Sea Raid

By late 1914, the Osmanid Empire stood at a crossroads. Strangled by years of decline and losses in the Balkan Wars, it faced a future where its territories and sovereignty were at the mercy of imperial powers. The global conflict now sweeping across the world presented both an opportunity and a danger—a final gambit for survival in a shifting geopolitical landscape.

The world powers circled like hyenas, sensing the empire's vulnerability. For the Osmanid leadership, neutrality was no longer an option. To remain on the sidelines meant surrendering to dismemberment by the victorious Allied powers. The empire’s survival depended on decisive action. Yet, divided from within and worn down by internal strife, it lacked the strength to act alone. The Osmanids initially sought alliances with several Occidental powers, but The Albion Empire and Gallia were not interested, largely due to their alliances with Imperial Russia—now an Osmanid rival. Teutonia, after years of courting the Osmanids and offering military support, emerged as the most reliable ally. The Albion Empire, once a protector of Osmanid sovereignty, had grown distant, further alienating the empire through its control of Egypt and Cyprus and its increasing imperial ambitions in the region.

Behind closed doors, in the ancient chambers of the War Ministry, a pact was forged. Enver Paşa, driven by ambition and convinced that the empire’s survival lay in bold action, aligned with Teuton Admiral Wilhelm Souchon to devise a plan for entering the global conflict—what would come to be known as The Great War. The Osmanid government, deeply divided and hesitant, feared the consequences of such a decision, knowing it could seal the empire’s fate. But Enver, unwilling to watch the empire be carved apart by indecision, believed that a daring strike was the only way to secure its place in the emerging new world order.

However, not all shared Enver Paşa’s enthusiasm. Mustafa Kemal, stationed in Sofia as a military attaché since 1913, had fiercely opposed the empire’s entry into the war on the side of Teutonia. He advocated for neutrality, believing that aligning with the Central Powers would lead to disaster for the already weakened empire.

On the morning of October 29, 1914, the course of history was set. The Osmanid Navy, armed with cutting-edge Mobile Suit warships provided by their Teuton allies, set sail across the Black Sea. The target was not just Imperial Russian ports and oil supplies but the fragile balance of power in the region. A successful strike on Novorossiysk would cripple Imperial Russia's southern fleet, force the empire into the war on Teutonia's side and secure its place in the global conflict.

The raid was swift and brutal. The oil tanks of Novorossiysk burned as flames climbed the sky, signaling the dawn of a new phase in global conflict. For the Osmanid Empire, it was the first step towards reclaiming the pride it had lost. Yet beneath the triumph lay a grim realization: this act of war would invite retaliation from the Allied powers, accelerating the empire's plunge into a far greater conflict than it had ever imagined.

With the Black Sea raid, the Osmanid Empire ignited the fires of war. As 1914 turned to 1915, the storm that Mustafa Kemal had feared became reality. Despite his opposition, he would soon find himself at the heart of the conflict, recalled from Sofia to defend his homeland on the frontlines of Çanakkale.

ACT 3

1915 A.E. Eastern Front – Battle of Sarıkamış

The snow fell heavier than anyone could recall. Its icy breath enveloped the mountains in a suffocating shroud. Beneath this relentless curtain, a column of soldiers advanced—a grim procession wrapped in winter-worn uniforms, flanked by the hulking remnants of their Mobile Suits. These machines had once stood as symbols of the Osmanid Empire's prowess, their massive frames imposing against any battlefield. Now, scarred from countless skirmishes and nearly defenseless in the biting cold, their armor lay cracked and exposed, betraying the vulnerability beneath.

The Eastern Front in 1915 was not just a battlefield but a haunting monument to the ambitions and mistakes of an empire. After the devastating defeat in the Balkan Wars just a few years prior, the Osmanid leaders were desperate to regain their lost honor and territories. The Balkan defeats had shaken the empire, with millions displaced and ancient lands like Edirne lost to their rivals. It was not merely land that had been taken—it was the empire's pride. This made the campaign to reclaim lands in the east, particularly Kars and Ardahan, crucial both tactically and emotionally.

The soldiers pushed forward in the face of a relentless snowstorm. They fought not only their enemy but also the memory of those bitter losses in the Balkans, now etched into their hearts. The empire's dreams were burdened by the memories of the past. Led by Enver Paşa, the man who believed he could rewrite that history, they moved forward. He had placed his trust in the superiority of their mechanical warriors—the Mobile Suits—believing them to be an invincible force that would cut through the Russians like a sword through paper. But as they trekked through the freezing mountains of Sarıkamış, that vision faced its harshest trial.

The Mobile Suits, battered and weathered, struggled against the cold that seemed to claw its way into every gap and crack in their armor. Inside these once-impenetrable machines, pilots battled as much with their own suits as with the enemy. Major Alpaslan, commanding one of the units, tightened his grip on the controls, fighting back the chill that seeped into the cockpit. The interior of his suit, once a sanctuary of warmth and security, now felt like a metal coffin. Power cells drained faster than expected and the machines became sluggish as their joints stiffened in the cold.

The Third Army, which had once been the pride of the Osmanid Empire, was reduced to a shadow of its former self. After the loss of vital territories in the west and the devastating political consequences, they were unprepared for the brutal winter of Sarıkamış. Soldiers trudged through snow with ragged boots that offered little protection from the biting frost, their fingers too numb to hold their rifles properly. Enver Paşa had once promised them glory, but the frozen winds of the Caucasus whispered otherwise, their howls a constant reminder of nature's indifference.

The plan had seemed so simple in the war rooms of İstanbul: encircle the Russians at Sarıkamış, crush their defenses with the overwhelming power of the Mobile Suits and reclaim the eastern territories. Yet no map could capture the full brutality of winter. The blizzard that swept through the Caucasus blinded their advance and even silenced their towering mechanical giants. Around the soldiers, the outlines of these machines loomed like ancient statues in a storm, their sensors useless in the blinding white void. Somewhere beyond the howling storm, the Russian artillery waited like predators in the snow.

For days, the Osmanid soldiers followed the Mobile Suits, moving like ghosts in the blizzard. There was no time to mourn the fallen—their bodies lay where they had dropped, frozen in their final moments. Occasionally, a prayer escaped someone's lips, a whispered plea to Tengri, to their ancestors, to anyone who might listen, but the only answer was the biting wind.

Despite the mounting horrors, there was no retreat. Enver's confidence in the empire's might kept them pushing forward, step by agonizing step. But the terrain was unforgiving and soon it was not just the infantry that suffered. The mighty machines that were meant to be the key to victory became cumbersome in the relentless snow.

Then, the first explosion came.

A bright orange flash cut through the whiteout, followed by a deep rumble. The Russians were there—waiting, watching, their artillery hidden in the valleys beyond. They had prepared for this. The Osmanid Mobile Suit were supposed to be invincible, but in this storm, they were just hulking targets. One by one, they fell—giant figures collapsing into the snow, their armored bodies swallowed by the storm as easily as the infantry below.

Alpaslan watched in horror as one of his comrades stumbled. The ground opened beneath it, the snow giving way and the massive machine toppled into a ravine. The pilot inside had no chance. There was no scream, no last cry for help. Just silence and then nothing.

The rest of the army—infantry and Mobile Suit alike—pressed on, as if by sheer will alone they could defy the storm, defy the Russians, defy death itself. But the elements, the mountains and the snow had other plans. Enver's vision of glory had become a march toward annihilation.

Intended as the ultimate advantage in battle, the mobile suits had become little more than cumbersome coffins in the storm. Their pilots, trained for battle, were helpless against nature itself. For all their advanced targeting systems and armored plating, they could not see the enemy through the blizzard. The Russians, entrenched and warm in their bunkers, waited patiently, picking off the slow, staggering giants one by one.

The snow suffocated everything. The heavy thud of metal feet in the drifts, once loud and commanding, became slower, softer, until it was no more than a faint whisper beneath the howling wind. Inside the cockpits, the pilots' hearts grew as cold as the world outside. For the first time, they felt the crushing weight of defeat—an enemy far more terrible than any Russian artillery or infantry.

Enver Paşa, watching from afar, knew. He knew before the last reports came through, before the transmissions cut out entirely, that this battle—this dream of Sarıkamiş—was lost. The Mobile Suit battalions that had once filled him with pride and hope were now nothing more than tombs scattered across the mountainside. He had sent them into the heart of winter, expecting victory with machines barely held together —rusting hulks that couldn't hope to withstand the storm.

Sarıkamiş was not a battlefield anymore—it was a graveyard. The mobile suits, once towering symbols of Osmanid strength, now lay broken, half-buried in the snow, their pilots frozen within. The infantry, those who had not perished from the cold or the Russians' bullets, staggered back, broken and hollow-eyed, there were no heroes left to tell the tale. There was only silence, a silence as vast and endless as the mountains themselves. The great army that Enver had led into the heart of winter had been swallowed whole, consumed by the very land they had sought to conquer.

The Russians would claim their victory, but there was no joy in it. The Osmanids had not been defeated by the enemy—they had been defeated by the unforgiving hand of nature, by the snow and the cold that had shown no mercy. Sarıkamiş was not a battle between men—it was a battle between man's ambition and the earth's indifference and the earth had won.

In the wake of the catastrophe, Enver Paşa returned to İstanbul, his once gleaming confidence shattered like the frozen bodies of his soldiers. The empire he sought to save teetered on the brink and the dreams of reclaiming Kars and the lost lands of the east had turned to dust in his hands. The snow-covered mountains of Sarıkamiş would forever be a graveyard, not just of men, but of hope, of pride, of a nation's belief in its own invincibility.

And in the hearts of the Turkish people, Sarıkamiş would remain a wound—an icy scar carved deep into the soul of a nation.

ACT 4

1915 A.E. Western Front - Battle of Çanakkale

At the edge of the Çanakkale province a rugged and desolate stretch of land, was steeped in the blood of men - the Gelibolu Peninsula.

The Albion and Gaul sought to force their way through the Çanakkale Strait (Dardanelles) to capture İstanbul, knocking the Osmanid Empire out of the war and assisting their Russian allies by providing them with much-needed military supplies. The straits also held strategic importance as they controlled access to the Black Sea and routes to the oil-rich Middle East. The Osmanid defense at Çanakkale became critical for the empire's survival.

The Naval Battle of Çanakkale culminated on March 18, 1915, when Albion and Gaul fleets attempted to force their way through the strait. The Osmanids, however, had meticulously prepared their defenses, laying mines across the narrowest part of the waterway, particularly at Erenköy Bay. These mines were crucial to the outcome, as the allied fleets faced devastating losses. Several key enemy ships, including battleships, were sunk or severely damaged by the mines laid by the Osmanid ship Nusret.

Despite having superior naval forces, the allied powers underestimated the Osmanid defenses. The Albion and Gaul fleets were unable to breach the strait, marking a major victory for the Osmanids. This naval defeat forced the allies to reconsider their strategy, leading them to plan a ground invasion.

Following the failure of the naval attack, the Albion and Gaul decided to initiate a land invasion of the Gelibolu Peninsula to capture the Osmanid positions guarding the strait. On April 25, 1915, they launched the Gelibolu landings at two main points: Seddülbahir in the south and Arıburnu (later known as Anzac Cove) in the north. Confident that the Osmanid forces would crumble under the pressure, the Allies were met with fierce resistance instead.

At the heart of this defiance stood Mustafa Kemal, a lieutenant colonel of the Osmanid Imperial Army.

By early August 1915, the Allies, frustrated by their lack of progress, prepared for a massive offensive at Suvla Bay. They believed this maneuver would finally outflank the Osmanid defenses and secure the breakthrough they so desperately sought. The Albion high command was convinced they could march across the Anafartalar plains and link up with their forces at Anzac Cove.

But Mustafa Kemal, stationed at Bigali Village, had been watching the Allied movements closely. He understood the terrain intimately, knew its ridges, its valleys and the critical points that would either spell victory or disaster. What he saw in the Allied plan was its fatal flaw—a lack of coordination, a failure to account for the resilience of the Osmanid defenders and the underestimation of his forces. As reports came in of the landings at Suvla Bay, Kemal knew that he had only a matter of hours to act before the Albion could consolidate their positions.

On the night of 8 August, Kemal received the fateful orders to take command of the Osmanid forces at Anafartalar. It was a moment of great urgency—the Allied forces were already advancing inland and the Turkish defenses were thinly stretched. Kemal wasted no time. He rode through the night, a grim determination etched on his face, knowing that the decisions he made in the coming hours could determine the fate of the Osmanid Empire.

Arriving at the front, Mustafa Kemal immediately took stock of the situation. The Allied forces were advancing rapidly, but Kemal saw an opportunity. The terrain, rough and unforgiving, could be used to his advantage. The ridges and valleys provided natural choke points where his forces could dig in and halt the enemy's advance. He ordered his men to hold their positions at all costs, reinforcing critical points along the line. His leadership in those moments was absolute—there was no hesitation, no doubt in his mind that they could and would hold.

At dawn on 9 August, the battle began in earnest. The Allied forces, confident in their numbers, pushed forward, but they were met with fierce resistance. Turkish artillery, positioned on the high ground, rained shells down upon the advancing troops, while Kemal's infantry, hidden in the gullies and ridges, unleashed withering fire. The Albion, expecting little resistance, were stunned by the ferocity of the defense.

Kemal, always at the front, moved among his men, rallying them, urging them to hold the line. His presence was electrifying—wherever he went, the soldiers seemed to fight with renewed vigor, inspired by their commander who fought beside them, not from the rear. The battlefield was a cauldron of smoke, gunfire and death, but through it all, Kemal's voice rang clear, directing his forces with precision and calm authority.

As the day wore on, it became clear that the Allied advance was faltering. The Osmanid positions, carefully chosen by Kemal, proved impenetrable. The Albion commanders, realizing their mistake too late, ordered a retreat, but the damage had been done. Their forces, exhausted and demoralized, had been stopped cold by the defenders of Anafartalar.

But Kemal was not finished. He knew that a mere defense would not be enough. In the afternoon, seeing an opening, he ordered a counteroffensive, a bold move to not just hold the line but to push the Allies back.

The silence before the battle was crushing. Mustafa Kemal stood before his men, his eyes fixed on the horizon where the enemy forces— giant war machines, bristling with weapons and backed by endless Allied soldiers— marched closer. The air was thick with the scent of saltwater and burning metal. The land around them, once green, had become a battlefield of ash and scorched earth.

Among his soldiers, there were hardened veterans, men who had survived years of war. But there were also those who were little more than boys— teenagers thrust into battle, their faces pale beneath layers of grime. Some stood frozen, fear flickering in their wide eyes as the Allied Mobile Suits loomed larger by the second. Though outnumbered and outgunned, they had held their ground against relentless assaults, defending every inch with sheer determination. They knew what awaited them and their families if they failed. The stories of what had happened in Thrace after the Balkan Wars were etched into their minds like a nightmare they couldn't wake from.

Kemal's voice cut through the silence, sharp as a blade:
- "I am not ordering you to attack..."

The soldiers blinked in confusion, the words landing hard and unexpected. Not attack? For a split second, they wondered what he meant. Then, without hesitation, the second blow came.

- "I am ordering you to die!"

The words hung in the air, heavy with finality. The sheer gravity of what he had just commanded weighed on the men like a mountain on their chests. Some shifted uncomfortably; others simply stared. But there was no turning back now. Kemal’s gaze never wavered, burning with the same fire he had carried since the fall of his homeland, Selanik. He knew better than anyone what happened when the enemy pushed forward unchecked. He had seen the bodies. He had heard the screams.

But there was no time for fear. Allied Mobile Suits thundered toward them, their mechanical limbs crushing the earth beneath them, advancing like unstoppable titans. Behind those machines, more soldiers. More bloodshed. The men knew that if they didn't stand here, Anatolia—their homes, their families, the very heart of the Turkish people—would fall just as Thrace had. Their wives, their children, their entire way of life would be erased.

Kemal stepped forward, his silhouette framed by the dying sun, which bled across the sky like the battlefield before them. "Our homes," he began, his voice no longer loud but filled with a steady, unshakable resolve. "Our families. We die so they can live."

In the distance, explosions rocked the hills, sending plumes of smoke into the sky. Allied bombers shrieked overhead, unloading their payloads and the ground trembled beneath the force. But Kemal's soldiers were no longer shaking. They were still. Not because their fear had disappeared, but because they had made their choice. They knew what awaited them if they failed—the massacres and terror that had swept across the Balkans would come for Anatolia next. The enemy Mobile Suits were closing in, but now, the men were ready.

Kemal turned toward the horizon once more, watching as the massive forms of the Allied war machines grew larger, their silhouettes dark against the dying light. This was not a battle for glory. There would be no grand victory, no songs sung in their honor. This was survival.

With a deep breath, he gave the order. The soldiers moved, not with the reckless fury of men rushing toward certain death, but with the cold, calculated determination of those who had accepted their fate. Their eyes were filled not with terror, but with resolve. Mobile Suit units, creaking with age, groaned to life, rising from their hidden positions in the cliffs and valleys, their weaponry glowing faintly as they powered up for what would likely be their final stand.

As the Osmanid forces collided with the Allied advance, it was as though the very sky cracked open. Explosions erupted around them, the shriek of artillery shells tearing through the air, but the men held their ground. Kemal's words echoed in their minds as they faced the Mechanized monsters of their enemies.

"I am ordering you to die!"

The first line of Mobile Suit pilots, knowing they could not hold forever, launched themselves at the enemy. One after another, they charged—knowing that for each second they delayed the Allied advance, they saved more lives behind them. The Osmanid Mobile Suits, though old and weathered, were still powerful enough to inflict damage. One crashed headlong into an Allied Mobile Suit, bringing both machines down in a blaze of fire and twisted metal.

There was no fear left. The pilots were already dead inside—each man moving with the knowledge that his fate was sealed. No hesitation. Only the mission. Only death.

Kemal watched in silence, his heart heavy with the knowledge that many of these men would not see the end of the day. But he had no choice. If they lost Çanakkale, they lost Anatolia. His resolve never wavered, even as the smoke and ash choked the air.

As the dust settled and the guns fell silent, the significance of the victory became clear. Mustafa Kemal and his soldiers had not only saved the Osmanid forces from annihilation but had turned the tide of the entire Gelibolu Campaign. The Allied forces, demoralized and bloodied, would never again pose a serious threat on the peninsula. The dream of seizing İstanbul had been shattered.

In the months that followed, Mustafa Kemal’s name would spread throughout the Osmanid Empire and beyond. His victory at Anafartalar, combined with his earlier triumphs at Conkbayırı and other fronts, had established him as one of the greatest military minds of his time. But for Kemal, it was not about personal glory. It was about the survival of his people, the defense of their land.

ACT 5

1915 A.E. Eastern Front – The Urartian Uprising

The fires of rebellion burned not just in the west, but in the heart of Eastern Anatolia, where a new threat rose against the crumbling Osmanid Empire. It was 1914 and the empire was embroiled in the Great War—a war that brought both foreign invasion and a deeper, more personal betrayal from within.

In the eastern provinces, the Urartian population, which had lived under Osmanid rule for centuries, began to rebel. Emboldened by their alliance with the Russian Empire and spurred by the promise of nationalist revolution, Urartian forces turned against the Osmanid state. In secret underground bunkers, Urartian revolutionary groups like the Dashnaks and Hunchaks gathered their technology, preparing their Mobile Suit squadrons and armored infantry to rise against their former rulers. The goal: to carve out an independent Urartian state in Eastern Anatolia.

The Urartian National Bureau in Tbilisi made a pact with Tsar Nicholas II and volunteers poured into the ranks of the Imperial Russian Caucasus Army. Advanced mech units, equipped with cutting-edge Imperial Russian tech, formed the backbone of the Urartian rebellion. In their sleek, armored mechs, the Urartian forces were ready to strike—no longer a passive population, but a fully mobilized tech-infused army.

The Osmanids, already weakened by the war, saw in the Urartian a potential fifth column—a group that might rise up from within and aid the Russian advance into Anatolia. And it was in this tense, combustible atmosphere that the Urartian Uprising began.

By April 1915, the rebellion had reached a fever pitch. The ancient city of Van, a symbol of Osmanid control, became the epicenter of the uprising. Armed with Mobile Suit units, the Urartian forces launched a coordinated assault on Osmanid positions in the city. The Osmanid army, already stretched thin fighting on the Gelibolu and Mesopotamian fronts, struggled to maintain control of its eastern territories
Some Urartians saw Russia as their liberator and as Imperial Russian forces pushed into Osmanid territory, Urartian militias rose up, attacking Osmanid garrisons and cutting supply lines. The Osmanid garrisons, armed with their own vintage Mobile Suits, tried to hold the line, but they were vastly outnumbered by the technologically superior Urartian forces backed by Imperial Russian support.

For the Turkish soldiers on the ground, these uprisings were a sudden and terrifying shift. Many of them had grown up alongside Urartians, living in the same villages, working in the same fields. Now, those same neighbors had taken up arms and the peaceful coexistence of centuries had been shattered. In the eyes of the Turkish soldiers and the Osmanid government, this was not merely a rebellion—it was a betrayal, a knife in the back at the empire's most vulnerable moment.

In the streets of Van, blood flowed as Urartians took control of parts of the city, battling Osmanid forces for weeks before Russian troops arrived to reinforce their position. The fall of Van was swift and brutal—a bitter blow to the Osmanid Empire's presence in the east. What had once been a multi-ethnic melting pot of Turks, Urartians and Kurds now lay in ruins, a battlefield of twisted metal and scorched earth.

News of the revolt spread quickly, stoking fear and paranoia among the Osmanid leadership. The empire, already teetering on the edge of collapse, now faced the possibility of complete disintegration. For the Turkish people, it was as though history was repeating itself. The memories of the Balkan Wars, where they had been driven from their homes, where entire villages had been burned, where their people had been massacred, now haunted them. Would the same fate befall them in Anatolia?

In response to the fall of Van and the continued Urartian uprisings, the Osmanid government made a controversial and desperate move: the forced relocation of the Urartian population from the eastern provinces. Entire communities were driven out, their belongings left behind as they were forced into massive convoys, guarded by old-model Osmanid Mobile Suits, as they marched toward the Syrian desert.

As the revolt spread and the Osmanid government grew more desperate, the decision was made to act. Enver Paşa, one of the leaders of the Osmanid state and his colleagues believed that Urartians, already in revolt and supported by the Russians, posed an existential threat to the empire's survival. In their eyes, the only way to secure the eastern front was to deport the Urartian population from the conflict zone. It was a decision born of fear, confusion and the brutal logic of war.

The Tehcir Law, passed in May 1915, ordered the relocation of Urartians from the eastern provinces to Syria and Mesopotamia. The Osmanids framed it as a necessary military measure, one that would ensure the security of the state. But what followed was a tragedy of epic proportions. The deportations, poorly planned and brutally executed, resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Urartians. Men, women and children were forced to march through the deserts of Anatolia, suffering from starvation, disease and attacks by bandits and rogue militias.

For the Turkish soldiers and officials overseeing these deportations, there was a deep sense of unease. Many of them remembered their own families' suffering during the Balkan Wars, when they had been driven from their homes, when entire communities had been wiped out in the name of nationalism. Now, they were witnessing a similar tragedy unfold, but this time, they were on the other side. They had been hardened by years of war, by the loss of The Vardar Region, Kosovo and Thrace, by the stories of massacre and displacement that had flooded into Anatolia with the Balkan refugees. In their minds, the deportations were a necessary evil, a way to prevent the total collapse of the empire.

But even for those who believed in the necessity of the deportations, the reality was harrowing. The roads to Syria were lined with death. The convoys of Urartians, many of them elderly or young children, moved slowly, their bodies weakened by hunger and disease. The soldiers who marched alongside them were often ill-prepared to provide any form of assistance and many turned a blind eye to the suffering around them. It was a scene of unimaginable horror, one that would leave deep scars on both the Urartian and Turkish peoples.

Even the families of ethnic Urartian Osmanid soldiers, who fought loyally on the front lines, were not spared. Many soldiers discovered the fate of their families only after it was too late—learning that their loved ones had been deported or killed while they were away in service.
For these soldiers, the war became not only a battle for survival but a deeply personal tragedy. They had served the empire loyally, only to see their own families caught up in the chaos and destruction.

The Urartian Exodus of 1915 was the result of a war that had spun out of control, of an empire fighting for its survival and of nationalist ambitions clashing with imperial power. For the Turks, the deportations were a tragic but necessary response to the threat they believed the Urartians posed. The uprising had confirmed their worst fears—that the Urartians, like the Balkan Way Seekers before them, would rise up and drive the Turks from their homes. The deportations were meant to prevent another Balkan War in Anatolia, but they instead became one of the darkest chapters in Osmanid history.

For the Urartians, the exodus was a devastating betrayal, a violent rupture in the centuries of coexistence that had marked their relationship with the Osmanid Empire. Entire families were wiped out, their homes left empty, their churches abandoned

The combined forces of Imperial Russian troops and Urartian Mobile Suits had seized strategic cities like Van, turning them into fortresses of rebellion. The Osmanid Third Army, already weakened by its losses at Çanakkale and the Mesopotamian front, was powerless to mount a significant defense. The once-unified empire was now stretched too thin, facing enemies on all sides.

As Mustafa Kemal and Kâzım Karabekir moved with their forces toward the Caucasus Front, they bore witness to the fallout. Village after village lay in ruins, smoke rising from the blackened remains of once-thriving communities. The fields were abandoned, littered with the corpses of those who could not flee fast enough.

On the roads, streams of desperate civilians, their faces gaunt with hunger and despair, fled westward. They clung to whatever belongings they could carry, but many had nothing left except their lives. Mothers held onto their children with grim determination, while others, their hands bloodied from digging through rubble, searched in vain for lost family members.

The devastation was clear to both commanders: Eastern Anatolia had descended into a wasteland and with each passing day, the empire lost its grip on these lands. The Turkish people, once assured of their place in the empire, were now adrift in a sea of uncertainty, caught between the advancing Urartian forces and the indifferent hands of fate.

The scale of the rebellion and the suffering it unleashed crushed the spirits of Mustafa Kemal and Kâzım Karabekir. As Osmanid officers, they had sworn to defend their people, but as they marched through Eastern Anatolia, they saw nothing but failure and death. The betrayal of the Urartians, once their subjects and allies, was no longer an abstract military matter. It was personal.

Every village they passed was a reminder of the empire's collapse. Houses lay in ruins, their doors torn from their hinges, leaving only hollow shells where once families had lived. The stench of burning flesh filled the air, mixing with the acrid smoke of smoldering homes. The bodies of women and children lay where they had fallen—some struck down as they ran, others burned alive, trapped inside barns and mosques set ablaze by advancing Urartian forces. Elderly men, too weak to flee, had been slaughtered where they stood, their bodies left to rot in the streets.

Mustafa Kemal had seen war before, but this was different. This was not just soldiers fighting soldiers—this was civilians caught in the crossfire, paying the ultimate price for the empire's failure. He saw women who had been raped, their faces locked in expressions of horror and agony. Children, their limbs broken, left to die in the mud. The elderly, who had lived through so many of the empire's past glories, now reduced to nothing but charred corpses.

The once vibrant villages had become graveyards, haunted by the memories of the people who had lived there. And the deeper they moved into Eastern Anatolia, the more unbearable the sights became. Burned churches, desecrated mosques and the bodies of the innocents painted a brutal picture of the hatred that had now consumed the land.

For Mustafa Kemal, this was not just the collapse of the Osmanid Empire—this was the collapse of his faith in it. He felt his stomach turn, his heart hardens with every step through the devastated lands. Every corpse, every broken family, was a scar that cut deep into his soul. The empire he had once believed in had failed to protect its people, had allowed this betrayal to fester and now the price was being paid in blood.

He felt anger—not just at the Urartians, but at the Osmanid leadership that had allowed this to happen. The military command, bloated with incompetence and arrogance, had left entire regions defenseless. The empire, once mighty and feared, was now a hollow shell, collapsing under the weight of its own corruption and indecision.

He didn't know if he could ever forget the things he had seen. The cries of the survivors echoed in his mind—the mothers clutching their dead children, the elderly men weeping for the families they had lost. Even after the battles ended, the images stayed with him, imprinted on his consciousness, pushing him toward a future he couldn't yet understand. In the silence of the night, as he looked out over the devastated villages, he felt something break inside him. He knew then that the Osmanid Empire was beyond saving. There was nothing left in its bloated, rotting structure that could heal this level of destruction and betrayal. The empire had failed its people. But the Turkish people—they would have to rise from this, somehow. There had to be a way to rebuild, to protect and to ensure this kind of horror would never happen again.

ACT 6

1916 A.E. Southern Front - The Qedarite Revolt

The vast desert stretched out like an ocean of sand, endless and unforgiving, beneath the scorching sun. For centuries, this land had been part of the Osmanid Empire, its peoples bound by history, faith and the rule of the Sultan. But in the summer of 1916, as the winds of war swept across the Middle East, a crack appeared in that ancient bond. The Qedarite Revolt had begun—a revolt that would shake the very foundations of the Osmanid world and tear at the heart of its people.

For the Turks, the Qedarite Revolt was not just a betrayal of an empire but a shattering of an unspoken trust. Unlike the Balkan or Urartian uprisings, here the Turks and the Qedarites had shared not only centuries of governance under the Osmanids but also a common faith, a culture and a deep history of coexistence. Yet as the empire weakened, old alliances fractured and a new era of imperialism, ambition and resentment dawned.

By 1916, the Osmanid Empire was struggling to hold its ground in the midst of The Great War. The once-mighty empire, known as the “Sick Man of the Occident,” was crumbling under the weight of foreign enemies and internal strife. In Anatolia, Turkish soldiers fought bravely against the encroaching Allied powers, defending their homeland from invasion. But far to the south, in the Qedarite Peninsula, a different storm was brewing—a storm that would test the limits of loyalty, faith and friendship.

For centuries, the Osmanid Empire had ruled over the Qedarite lands with relative ease. The Sharif of Mecca, the guardian of the Path Seeker’s holiest sites, had been a loyal servant of the Osmanid sultans, bound by both faith and politics. But the war had changed everything. The Albion, eager to weaken the Osmanids and secure their interests in the Middle East, had begun sowing the seeds of rebellion among the Qedarites. And they found a willing ally in Sharif Hussein bin Ali, who sought to carve out a new Qedarite kingdom, free from Osmanid rule.

The betrayal, when it came, was swift and brutal. On June 10, 1916, Sharif Hussein declared the Qedarite Revolt, raising the banner of rebellion against the empire that had once sheltered him. His forces, supported by Albion arms, money and advisers—most famously T.E. Lawrence, the Albion officer who would come to be known as Lawrence of Qedarite — began attacking Osmanid positions across the Qedarite Peninsula. The sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, once symbols of unity under the Osmanid banner, became battlegrounds.

For the Turks, this was more than a political uprising—it was a profound betrayal. The Osmanids had long seen themselves as the protectors of the Path Seeker world and now, one of the Path Seeker's holiest cities was rising up against them, spurred on by the machinations of a Way Seeker empire. In the eyes of many Turks, Sharif Hussein's revolt was not just an act of treachery but a sacrilege, a violation of the very principles of the Path Followers.

In İstanbul, the news of the revolt spread like wildfire. Soldiers who had grown up believing in the brotherhood of Turks and Qedarites now found themselves fighting against the very people they had once called allies. The sense of betrayal was palpable. To the Osmanid leadership, this revolt was not simply a rebellion—it was a knife in the back, driven deep by the same hands that had once prayed beside them in the mosques of Mecca and Medina.

As Osmanid forces under the command of Fahreddin Paşa moved to defend Medina, the situation grew more desperate. The desert, unforgiving and harsh, became a battlefield where Turkish soldiers fought not only the Qedarite rebels but also the brutal elements. Under the relentless heat of the sun, Turkish troops, many of them young boys from Anatolia, who had never known the desert, now found themselves entrenched in the shifting sands, defending a city they knew was vital to their empire's claim to legitimacy.

Medina, the city of the Prophet, became a symbol of resistance. Fahreddin Paşa, known as the "Lion of the Desert," refused to surrender. For him, the defense of Medina was not just about holding territory—it was about protecting the sanctity of The Path itself. He and his soldiers held out against the Qedarite rebels and their Albion backers for nearly three years, defying hunger, thirst and relentless attacks. They swore they would die before surrendering the city that had given birth to their faith.

The siege of Medina was one of the most harrowing episodes of the war. Supplies ran dangerously low and the situation inside the city grew dire. Yet Fahreddin Paşa's defiance became legendary among the Turkish forces. Even as the rest of the Osmanid Empire crumbled around them, the soldiers in Medina refused to give in. They were fighting not just for the empire, but for their faith, for their honor, for the very soul of the Osmanid world.

Meanwhile, in the vast desert beyond the city, the Albion were playing a dangerous game. T.E. Lawrence, with his understanding of Qedarite culture and his flair for guerilla tactics, had become a key figure in the revolt. He and his Qedarite allies launched raids on Osmanid supply lines, striking at the heart of the empire's infrastructure in the region. The attacks on the Hejaz Railway, a vital link between the Osmanid heartlands and the holy cities, crippled the Osmanids' ability to reinforce their positions.

The Turks watched with growing anger and frustration as Lawrence and his Qedarite irregulars, armed with Albion gold and weaponry, moved freely across the desert. The Albion, who had once been nothing more than distant imperial powers, were now in the very heart of the Path Seeker world, turning brother against brother. The betrayal was complete and the Osmanids could only watch as the revolt spread, igniting the flames of Qedarite nationalism that would eventually reshape the Middle East.

In the corridors of power in İstanbul, there was bitterness and sorrow. The war had taken a heavy toll on the empire, but the Qedarite Revolt was a wound that cut deeper than any other. It was not just a rebellion—it was a sign that the old bonds, forged over centuries of shared rule, had been broken. The Osmanids, who had once been the leaders of the Path Seeker world, now found themselves abandoned by those they had considered their brothers.

Although the Qedarite Revolt alone did not bring down the Osmanids, it undermined their hold on the southern provinces at a critical moment. Emboldened by promises made by Albion and Gaul—promises that would soon prove hollow—the Qedarites chipped away at the empire's authority. Ultimately, foreign powers divided these lands for themselves, revealing that the Qedarites' hopes for true independence had been little more than pawns in a larger, imperial game.

Mustafa Kemal, after distinguishing himself in the heroic defense at Çanakkale, was assigned to the empire's southern fronts by the time the revolt was in full swing. While he had not witnessed its earliest sparks, he saw firsthand the toll it took on Osmanid forces struggling to retain control in Syria and Palestine. To him, just as the Balkan losses and the Urartian uprisings had exposed old fractures, the Qedarite turmoil laid bare the empire's fundamental weaknesses. It became clear that the Osmanid dream was fading and that any future for the Turkish people would have to rise from the ashes of the old order.

With the Qedarite Revolt and the encroachment of Occidental imperialism, the Osmanid grip on Hejaz, Yemen and Syria slipped away. In Damascus, a once-proud Osmanid stronghold, Qedarite flags now fluttered where the empire's banner had long waved. Yet the new world emerging from these upheavals did not deliver the promised autonomy to the Qedarites. Instead, Albion and Gaul imposed their own mandates, as secretly outlined by the Sykes-Picot Agreement, sowing seeds of resentment that would long outlast the empire itself. The desert, once a symbol of Osmanid endurance, had become the graveyard of its imperial ambitions and the birthplace of an uncertain, fractured future.

ACT 7

1919 A.E. Kuva-i Milliye – The Resistance

On July 3, 1918, Sultan Mehmed V died and Vahdettin, being the eldest male member of the Osman dynasty at that point, automatically succeeded to the throne. He was officially enthroned the next day, on July 4, 1918, where he was girded with the Sword of Osman in the ancient halls of Eyüp Sultan Mosque. He was the 36th Sultan of the empire and the 115th Path Seeker Caliph, but there was no grandeur in his coronation—only the weight of a dying realm resting upon his shoulders.

The Osmanid Empire, once an indomitable force stretching across three continents, was now a husk of its former self. Its armies were in tatters, its economy ravaged and its people weary from hunger and war. The Battle of Megiddo in September 1918 had sealed the empire's fate in the Levant the Albion, relentless in their advance, had shattered the Osmanid lines, forcing a retreat so severe that the Levant was lost within weeks. Meanwhile, in Anatolia, once-loyal subjects turned into restless mobs as hyperinflation gripped the cities, food riots broke out and the empire's very heartland teetered on the edge of anarchy.

Vahdettin knew the grim reality he had inherited. His empire was not merely defeated—it was crumbling and falling apart. The Central Power—Teutonia—was collapsing, leaving the Osmanids utterly alone. Resistance, in his eyes, was a fantasy. The Allied fleet was preparing to enter the and İstanbul Strait and with the Osmanid military exhausted, the Sultan saw but one way forward—capitulation.

On October 30, 1918, the Armistice of Mudros was signed, effectively ending Osmanid involvement in the Great War and sealing its fate.

Vahdettin sat in his chamber, staring at the fading light filtering through the vast windows of Dolmabahçe Palace. The armistice had been inevitable. To fight on would have been suicidal and he was no fool. He had seen what the Allies had done to their enemies—they had left nothing but ruin in their wake.

His decision had been simple: submit and preserve what little remained of the empire, or resist and risk utter destruction.
He had no illusions about the armistice. It was humiliating, but necessary. If he could negotiate, play the Allies against each other, maneuver carefully, perhaps the Sultanate could survive, perhaps the Caliphate could endure. Capitulation, in his eyes, was not cowardice—it was strategy.

But beyond the palace walls, where the people bore the direct consequences of the Sultan's decision, all they saw was ruin and betrayal.

The terms were harsh; the Osmanid military was to be disbanded and the Allies were granted the right to occupy strategic points throughout the empire.
Key Terms of the Mudros Armistice:

1. Allied occupation: The Osmanids were forced to allow the Allies to occupy strategic points across the empire, including İstanbul, the Çanakkale Straits and İstanbul Strait, as well as any places deemed necessary for the Allies' security.
2. Demobilization: The Osmanid army was to be demobilized, leaving the empire defenseless.
3. Control of communications: The Allies took control of all Osmanid railways, ports and telecommunications.
4. Surrender of key territories: Areas such as Caucasus, Hejaz, Yemen, Syria and Iraq were essentially surrendered to the Allies.

Far from the palaces of İstanbul, Mustafa Kemal, at the time as the commander of the Yıldırım Armies Group, sat in Adana, his jaw clenched as he read the terms of surrender.

The empire he had fought for—the empire he had bled for—had just been signed away.

He had led victories at Çanakkale, fought in the Caucasus, fought through dust-choked air in Palestine, trying—desperately—to hold the empire together. But even he had been forced to retreat, not because of cowardice, not because of failure, but because the empire itself had already been rotting beneath him.

And now? A single stroke of the Sultan's pen had undone it all.

The betrayal was a physical ache in his chest. His old comrades, men he had once trusted with the future of the empire, had signed away their people's sovereignty. They had handed the empire to the vultures.

These were not the terms of surrender.
These were the terms of dismemberment.

His mind drifted, unbidden, to the faces of the men he had led—men who had charged into fire at his command, who had fought and bled and died believing they were protecting something greater than themselves.

For what?

For a government that had sold them for submission, that had bowed to foreign boots to save their own skins, with no regard for the people of Anatolia.

A slow, bitter exhale left his lips. His anger was not just at the Sultan—it was at himself. Had he been a fool? Had he clung too tightly to the idea of the empire, believing it could still be saved?
No.
Not like this.
The men who had died under his command would not be betrayed by him.

He knew the armistice was just a prelude to the full occupation of the empire. He began to prepare for the inevitable, organizing local resistance in southern Anatolia and encouraging fellow officers to preserve their weapons and prepare for a future fight.

In a series of encrypted communications to İstanbul, Mustafa Kemal protested the occupation of ports like İskenderun by Albion forces. Despite explicit orders from the Osmanid government to comply with the Allies, he gave direct orders to his troops to fire upon any Albion forces attempting to land. His defiance was a clear signal that he did not intend to submit to the occupation without a fight. However, the Osmanid government, led by Ahmet Izzet Paşa, was committed to appeasing the Allies in the hope of securing more lenient peace terms in the future.

On November 8, 1918, Mustafa Kemal was formally relieved of his command and ordered to return to İstanbul. His resistance had not gone unnoticed. He complied but continued to work behind the scenes, organizing the early resistance efforts. Complying with the orders, Kemal made his way back to the capital. As his ship cut through the İstanbul Strait on November 13, Allied warships loomed above him, their silhouettes stark against the grey sky. The very enemy he had fought to keep out of the capital during the Çanakkale campaign now freely sails into İstanbul. - The occupation of İstanbul had begun. Looking out at the foreign flags now flying over his city, he whispered to his aide, “They will go as they came.” There was no plan, no grand strategy. But something in his bones told him this was not the end. It couldn’t be.

Winter 1918-1919 Kars Resistance – Eastern Resistance

Winter 1918-1919: The bitter winds of Kars swept through empty streets, once dominated by Imperial Russian forces. With the Russian Revolution in full force, the Tsarist regime withdrew its soldiers, creating a power vacuum. Urartian forces, with Albion backing, were quick to seize the opportunity, eyeing control over Kars.

However, Kars was far from defenseless. The diverse local population of Turks, Kurds, Osmanid Achaeans, Molokan Russians, Osmanid Urartians and Iberians united under Cihangirzade İbrahim Bey to form the Cenûb-i Garbî Kafkas Cumhuriyeti (Southwest Caucasian Republic). Their mission was to protect their communities, homes, families and their way of life against Urartian expansion. Despite their fragility, they inherited combat Mobile Suits left behind by Osmanid forces, essential to their defense.

The idea behind the Republic was simple yet ambitious: to create an autonomous entity that would align itself with the Osmanid legacy, defending the rights of its people while resisting foreign domination. At its core, the government was a reaction to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which had briefly returned control of the region to the Osmanids in 1918, only to have it thrown into chaos once again with the Osmanid defeat in the Great War.

From its very inception, the Cenûb-i Garbî Kafkas Cumhuriyeti faced enormous challenges. It was surrounded by hostile forces on all sides. The Urartians, emboldened by their newfound independence and supported by the Allies, laid claim to the region of Kars as part of their broader territorial ambitions in Eastern Anatolia. The Iberians, too, sought control over parts of the Caucasus, particularly in areas like Batum and Ardahan.

However, the greatest external threat came from the Albion, who, under the banner of maintaining order and enforcing the terms of the Armistice of Mudros, were determined to suppress any Turkish nationalist movement that sought to maintain Osmanid-era borders. In early 1919, Albion forces, operating out of their bases in the Caucasus, began to pressure the Southwest Caucasian Government to disband, accusing it of being an illegitimate continuation of Osmanid imperialism.

The Albion occupation of Batum and parts of Kars was particularly troubling for the fledgling government. The Allies, still in control of the post-war settlement, were not inclined to recognize any entity that aligned itself with the Osmanid or Turkish nationalist movements and they viewed the Cenûb-i Garbî Kafkas Cumhuriyeti as a threat to their interests in the region.

Despite these challenges, Cihangirzade İbrahim Bey and his government refused to back down. They appealed to the local population, highlighting the importance of unity in the face of foreign occupation and emphasizing the need to protect the rights of the Path Seeker population, which had been targeted by ethnic violence throughout the Caucasus.

In the spring of 1919, tensions between the Cenûb-i Garbî Kafkas government and the Albion occupiers reached a breaking point. The Albion, fearing the rise of Turkish nationalism in the region, demanded that the government disband. When Cihangirzade İbrahim Bey refused, Albion forces moved quickly to suppress the movement.

On April 13, 1919, Albion troops entered Kars, arresting the leaders of the Southwest Caucasian Government and dismantling its administrative structures. The government, which had only existed for a few short months, was brought to an abrupt end. Cihangirzade İbrahim Bey and other key figures were imprisoned and Albion forces took full control of the city.

For the people of Kars, the fall of the Cenûb-i Garbî Kafkas Cumhuriyeti was a crushing blow. Their hopes of securing an autonomous future under Turkish leadership had been dashed and they found themselves once again under foreign rule. But while the government itself had fallen, the spirit of resistance it had fostered lived on. The fall of Kars did not break the will of the Turkish and Path Seeker populations in the region. Instead, it strengthened their resolve to fight for their homeland.

May 15, 1919 Hasan Tahsin's First Bullet – Western Resistance

May 15, 1919. The streets of İzmir, once alive with the daily rhythm of Turkish life, now echoed with the rhythmic march of Achaean soldiers, sent by their Albion backers to claim the city as their own. The air was thick with tension, with no Turkish soldier in sight to defend the city and the Achaean banners flying high above spoke of a new era of occupation.

In the shadows of an alley, Hasan Tahsin, a local journalist known for his fierce nationalism, watched in silence as Achaean soldiers pushed deeper into his beloved city. The crowd around him was paralyzed, their faces drained of hope. Tahsin could feel the weight of his ancestors on his shoulders. He knew what he had to do.

From a hidden cache, he produced a weapon—a salvaged RPG. With fire in his heart, he stepped out into the open street, raising the RPG to his shoulder. As the Achaean soldiers advanced further, Hasan Tahsin fired. The explosion was deafening, shaking the very foundations of the city. The first bullet had been fired in defense of İzmir.

The crowd stood frozen, watching as the Achaean forces scrambled to regain control. Hasan Tahsin, gunned down moments later, lay dead in the street, but his single act of defiance sent a ripple through the city, a message that would soon reach all of Anatolia: The Empire will not come, the resistance of the people has begun.

October 31, 1919 Sütçü İmam's Stand – Southern Resistance

October 31, 1919. Maraş had fallen under the silent occupation of Gaul forces, supported by Urartian legionnaires. The Gaul had promised protection to the Urartian forces, reviving a centuries-old alliance that harkened back to the days of the Crusades. Their arrival was celebrated by some, while the Turkish locals watched in growing anger. The following day, chaos erupted. Drunken Urartian legionnaires, emboldened by their new Gaul uniforms, stormed the streets, hurling insults and attacking Turkish shopkeepers.

At Uzunoluk, near the bathhouse, a group of these soldiers spotted several Turkish women and, laughing, tore at their headscarves. "This is no longer Turkish land. In Gaul lands, there are no veils!"
The women's cries for help echoed through the streets: "Our honor is being taken! Is there no one of the Path to defend us?"
Watching from a nearby coffeehouse, Çakmakçı Sait, a former soldier, could no longer stand idle. He rushed forward, but the soldiers fired, killing him on the spot.

From his shop, Sütçü İmam, a humble milkman, witnessed the scene. His blood boiling, he grabbed his old Karadağ pistol and sprinted toward the commotion. Without hesitation, he raised the weapon and fired, his aim precise and deadly. Three shots rang out in rapid succession, reverberating through the street like thunder. When the smoke cleared, all three soldiers lay lifeless on the cobblestones.

A stunned silence fell over the street. The legionnaires, their arrogant confidence shattered, were frozen in disbelief. For a brief, precious moment, the women seized the opportunity and fled to safety. Sütçü İmam stood rooted for only a heartbeat, his mind racing. He knew he had drawn a line in the sand—one that would not be easily erased.

The street exploded into chaos, but Sütçü İmam had already slipped into the labyrinthine alleys of Maraş. As he fled the scene, blending into the narrow alleyways of the city, word of his actions spread. The Turkish people, watching from the shadows, now knew: Maraş would not fall quietly.

The city buzzed with whispers of the milkman who had defied the occupiers, his act of courage lighting a fire in the hearts of the oppressed. Sütçü İmam vanished into the rugged hills, joining the growing ranks of local resistance fighters. His three shots were more than a moment of defiance; they were a rallying cry, a spark that set Maraş ablaze with rebellion. From that day, the city stood as a symbol of unyielding resistance and Sütçü İmam's name echoed among the first heroes of a fight that would soon sweep across Anatolia.

Fatma Seher – Kara Fatma – Northern Resistance

As the flames of rebellion spread across Anatolia, a new name began to rise in the northern provinces: Kara Fatma. In a world where every Osmanid woman learned to defend her home, she had long been familiar with the weight of a rifle and the controls of a Mobile Suit. Once an ordinary wife and mother, she was forged by tragedy into a leader whose name struck fear into enemies and hope into allies.

Her husband Ahmet had been among the thousands of Ottoman soldiers sent to the Eastern Front during the disastrous Sarıkamış Operation. Like so many, he never returned, lost to the bitter cold and an ill-fated campaign. The memory of that bitter winter lingered like an unhealed wound. Ahmet’s death was not just a personal loss; it marked the fracturing of a life once built on shared dreams.

In those desolate days, Fatma grieved not with tears but with an aching silence. She sat by the hearth, staring into the embers that cast flickering shadows on the walls of her modest home. Yet, within her, a spark remained unextinguished. If Ahmet’s sacrifice had meant anything, it was that the fight for their land, their people and their dignity could not die with him.

The defeat of the Osmanid Empire left villages vulnerable to marauders, with the government powerless to help. Fatma began by organizing those closest to her—relatives, neighbors and villagers. Initially, her militia was small, comprised of family and local volunteers. Despite their meager arms—antiquated rifles and salvaged Mobile Suits—they relied on sharp strategy and unwavering resolve.

Her leadership was pragmatic and unyielding. While she had no formal military rank at the time, her instincts for strategy and her courage in the face of danger earned her the respect of her fighters. She sought out anyone with knowledge of weapons or tactics and learned from them, applying every bit of wisdom to protect her people. Word of her efforts spread quickly and soon, former Osmanid soldiers began to rally under her command.

As the months passed, the name “Kara Fatma” became known throughout the region. Some said it was for the black shawl she wore in mourning for her husband; others claimed it was her unflinching resolve that earned her the title. By then, her forces had grown from a handful of villagers to a disciplined militia of hundreds, armed with salvaged rifles and old Mobile Suits left behind by retreating armies.

Their victories were hard-earned and local: protecting caravans carrying food through dangerous passes and disrupting enemy supply lines. Fatma’s leadership was pragmatic and empathetic. She knew the fears of her fighters, for they were her own. She led not from the rear but alongside them, bearing the same risks and enduring the same hardships.

Whatever the Osmanid Empire had lost, Kara Fatma’s militia preserved in spirit: courage, unity and the refusal to yield. Like Hasan Tahsin in İzmir, Sütçü İmam in Maraş, or the defenders of Kars who resisted valiantly only to see their city fall to Albion’s deceit, her story became a testament to resilience. One village at a time, her fighters kept the embers of hope alive.

ACT 8

1919 A.E. Freedom or Death

Late 1918. The Osmanid Empire, once a sprawling and dominant power, was now a shadow of its former self. Defeated and exhausted after the long years of the Great War, the empire was crumbling under the weight of the harsh terms dictated by the Armistice of Mudros.
Foreign soldiers now patrolled its lands. The proud Osmanid military had been disarmed, its soldiers stripped of weapons and hope.
Despite being sidelined by the Osmanid government, Mustafa Kemal remained undeterred. In İstanbul, he moved through the shadows, meeting with fellow officers and political figures, speaking in whispers of what must be done.

He had spent months searching. For solutions. For allies. For anything that could reverse the tide. But everywhere he looked, he found only cowards.

The Sultan's court reeked of submission. Vahdettin had surrendered everything in a desperate attempt to cling to his throne. Damat Ferit Paşa, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, bowed lower with each passing day, groveling before Albion diplomats like a beaten dog, bargaining away sovereignty for the illusion of control.

It sickened him.

İstanbul was no longer Osmanid. Albion and Gaul warships loomed over the İstanbul Strait, their shadows stretching across the city like a plague. The people—once proud and free—now lived like captives in their own homes, forced beneath the humiliation of foreign occupation. Beyond the fallen capital, Anatolia lay wounded, torn by years of war and neglect. Most had lost hope; their spirits crushed under the harsh terms of surrender. Yet quietly, secretly, a few had begun to resist—scattered souls in villages and towns who took up arms not out of courage, but from sheer desperation. These were men with nothing left to lose, driven not by dreams of victory, but by the bitter knowledge that surrender meant extinction.

For Mustafa Kemal, this was more than just politics or defeat. He remembered the faces of his soldiers at Çanakkale—young boys, barely more than children, fathers, husbands, all under his command. He had looked them in the eyes, unwavering and had given the most difficult order of his life: to die. These men had welcomed death to hold the line, to protect their homes and families, believing their sacrifice would secure the future of their people.

At Çanakkale, they had made their stand, unyielding in their bravery. The boys who charged toward certain death had done so with the belief that they would save Anatolia.

But then came the Armistice of Mudros. Signed with barely a protest, the armistice shattered everything they had fought for. The empire surrendered, without a fight, the very lands those men had died to protect. The Çanakkale strait, which they had defended so fiercely, were now under Allied control. The waters they had bled for were open to Allied warships and İstanbul had fallen into the hands of foreign soldiers. The betrayal was profound and their sacrifice now seemed like a cruel mockery.

The pain was not new to him. Mustafa Kemal had felt it before, when Selanik—the city of his birth—was lost. He hadn't been there to see it fall, but the sting of surrender cut just as deeply. Selanik, once a proud jewel of Osmanid culture, had been handed over without resistance. No grand battle, no heroic last stand—just surrender. Like Çanakkale, Selanik was lost not to overwhelming force, but to the empire's weakness, its inability to protect its people.

His heart bled as he thought of those left behind—the mothers, wives and children of the men who had gone to Çanakkale. They had believed in the future their sons and husbands had died for. But now, as foreign boots trampled their lands, their sacrifice seemed hollow.

In the quiet of night, as Mustafa Kemal brooded over the collapse of the empire, an unshakable pull began to stir within him. It was not a voice. Not a vision. Just a presence—deep, powerful, ancient. The weight of those who came before. They seemed to call out for him—Cengiz Han's vision of unity and strength, Kürşad's cry for freedom in the face of impossible odds. Their spirits were alive within him now, urging him forward into the unknown, pushing him to act, though the path was veiled in shadows.

The weight of the empire's failure, the humiliation of surrender, the betrayal of those who had signed its fate away—none of it mattered now. Because the empire was not gone yet. And until its last breath, he would fight.

The decision took shape in his mind, like steel being forged in fire. He could not save the empire from within İstanbul. The city was a prison, the Sultan a puppet, the ministers rats scurrying under Albion's watchful eye. If there was to be a future, it would not be found within the Sultan's palace.

But he could not act alone. He needed others—men he could trust, men who had seen war, men who would not hesitate when the time came to act. And so, in the dead of night, he moved.

The alley was dark, the air thick with coal smoke and the scent of the sea. The city had long since fallen silent, but not empty. Foreign patrols moved through the streets, their rifles slung lazily over their shoulders, arrogant in their control.

Mustafa Kemal moved unseen; his cloak pulled tight against the cold. And then—a familiar figure emerged from the shadows. İsmet Paşa. A sharp nod. A brief exchange of glances. No words. Words were dangerous. They walked together through the shadows, slipping between alleyways, past foreign patrols and the ever-watchful eyes of the Sultan's spies, moving toward the next meeting.

The next step.

A figure stood beneath the dim glow of a street lantern. Mustafa Kemal stopped. A face from another battlefield. Another time. Kâzım Karabekir.

For a moment, nothing.

They had once fought together in the Caucasus, side by side, against an enemy that had sought to carve their homeland apart. Now, in the ruins of an empire, they met again. The war was not over. A long silence. And then—a single nod.

The first piece in Anatolia's liberation had fallen into place.

By the end of 1918, Kemal and his close associates, including Fethi Okyar, Rauf Orbay and Ali Fuat Cebesoy, formulate a plan to move to Anatolia, where they can rally nationalist forces and start organizing the resistance. Secret meetings are held at Kemal's residence in Şişli, where the framework for a national movement is discussed in detail. Mustafa Kemal realizes that the key to saving the nation lies in the provinces, far from the influence of the Osmanid government and the Allied occupiers in İstanbul.

In early 1919, Kemal secures a position as Inspector of the 9th Army, a role that ostensibly grants him the authority to restore order in the eastern provinces.

ACT 9

1919 A.E. Northern Front – The Pontus Uprising

For centuries, the Osmanid Empire had ruled over a diverse populace that included Turks, Achaeans, Urartians and others. The Pontic Achaean were part of this mosaic, inhabiting the coastal regions of the Black Sea—Samsun, Trabzon, Amasya and the surrounding areas. As the empire weakened in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, nationalist movements began to spread and many Achaeans, inspired by the successes of the Achaean War of Independence in the early 1800s, began to imagine the possibility of reviving the ancient Pontus Kingdom.

By the time The Great War ended and the Osmanid Empire lay shattered, the dream of an independent Pontus had taken root. Encouraged by the successes of the Achaean Army in western Anatolia and supported by external powers, including Russia and Occidental nations, the Pontic Achaean saw their chance. Armed with foreign weapons and supported by local Achaean communities, they took to the mountains, forming bands of irregular fighters.

The Pontus Uprising grew steadily after 1919, as the region became a hotbed of insurgency. At the heart of this rebellion was the Etniki Eterya society, a secret organization working towards the establishment of an Achaean state in northern Anatolia. They received both material and moral support from foreign powers, particularly those who sought to dismantle the Osmanid state and carve out new geopolitical spheres of influence.

The coastal city of Samsun became the epicenter of the conflict. Once a thriving hub of commerce and culture, it now found itself at the heart of the Pontus Uprising. The Achaean insurgents, emboldened by their successes in the surrounding countryside, launched a series of attacks on Turkish positions in and around the city. Turkish soldiers, many of them young men who had grown up in the shadow of the Balkan Wars, were called upon to defend their homeland once again.

For these soldiers, the memories of massacres in The Vardar Region and Thrace were still fresh. They remembered how entire villages had been wiped out by nationalist forces during the Balkan Wars, how their families had been driven from their homes and how they had been forced to flee to Anatolia, carrying with them the trauma of war and exile. Now, facing the Pontic Achaea, they were fighting not only for the future of Anatolia but also for justice, for vengeance and for the right to never again be driven from their land.

The uprising in Pontus represented an existential threat: if the Pontic Achaean succeeded in creating a new state along the Black Sea, it would fracture Anatolia, cutting the country in two and opening the door to further foreign incursions.

The insurgents, led by Achaean warlords and local leaders like Haralambos, operated in the mountains and forests of the Black Sea, attacking Turkish villages, ambushing supply lines and creating chaos wherever they went. The once-peaceful Achaean communities of the Black Sea had become fortresses of resistance, harboring insurgents and storing weapons smuggled in from Batum. The violence escalated rapidly, with both sides committing atrocities—Turkish villages were burned and the civilian population was terrorized. For the Turks, this was not just an uprising—it was a rebellion fueled by betrayal, orchestrated by people who had once lived side by side with them in peace.

The hiss of hydraulics echoed as the heavy doors of the briefing room sealed behind Mustafa Kemal. Inside, the grandiose chamber of the Sultan’s palace gleamed with gilded ornaments and silk draperies, remnants of a lost era. The empire that once ruled continents was now a hollow shell, its grandeur a fading illusion. Osmanid officials shifted uneasily around the table, their eyes cast down beneath the cold scrutiny of Albion advisers standing in the shadows, silent but all-controlling.

At the head of the table sat Sultan Vahdettin, his posture stiff, his eyes hollow with fatigue. He barely looked at Mustafa Kemal as he spoke, his voice brittle and drained of power.

"You will go to Samsun and bring order to the chaos," he commanded, though it was clear the words carried no conviction. Vahdettin was not asking. He was obeying. The empire, still his in name, had long since slipped from his grasp.

Kemal studied the Sultan carefully. He knew exactly what this was. Vahdettin had caved—again. The Albion powers were tightening their noose and this mission was nothing more than a desperate attempt to appease them. The Sultan wasn’t sending him to save the empire; he was sending him to preserve the illusion of control.

Quell the uprising. Disarm the militias. Bring Anatolia to heel. The briefing documents in Kemal’s hands outlined the mission in stark terms. But in the Sultan’s hollow voice, he heard only surrender.

When the Sultan’s gaze finally met his, there was no glimmer of rebellion or hope—just fear and exhaustion. Vahdettin feared losing the final scraps of power and would do whatever it took to preserve them, even if it meant handing over his people to Albion’s will.

"This is your mission," Vahdettin repeated, his voice brittle and cold. "Bring them back into the fold." It wasn’t a plea. It was a command, but one born not from authority, but from submission.

A heavy silence hung in the air. Kemal’s eyes swept across the room, taking in the faces of men who had long sold their souls to foreign powers for fleeting security. His loyalty, once unshakable, no longer belonged to these men. Their orders, their empire—none of it could command him now. The mission they had given him would not be fulfilled the way they imagined.

But Kemal remained stoic, his face a mask of military formality. He offered the Sultan a shallow nod. "Understood, My Padişah."
As he turned to leave, the weight of his decision settled in his chest. Vahdettin had surrendered to foreign control, clinging desperately to a throne built on the backs of broken promises. The empire had forsaken its people, leaving them to fight for survival on their own. There was nothing left here for him.

Outside the palace, the battle-worn Mobile Suit GÖKBÖRÜ stood in the shadow of İstanbul’s ancient walls, its scarred armor a reflection of Kemal himself—battered but unbroken. He climbed into the cockpit, his fingers brushing over the controls as the engines roared to life. The city of İstanbul, choked by occupation and betrayal, fell away beneath him.

But the rest of Anatolia was different.

Through years of conquest, expulsion and war, the imperial powers had driven the people from their homes—from the Balkans, from the Caucasus, from the far-flung reaches of the collapsing empire. They had sought to break them, but in doing so, they had only ensured that the strongest, the fiercest survivors remained—those who had withstood the devastation and found themselves gathered in Anatolia, the last sanctuary. What the imperialists had failed to see was that, in trying to divide the empire, they had forged a crucible. Anatolia had become a bastion of resilience, its people hardened by loss but unyielding in spirit.

Kemal's path was clear now. He would not enforce imperial orders. He would offer the people his knowledge, his skill as a seasoned commander. He would give them the tools to defend themselves, to protect their land and to push back against the forces that sought to crush them.

He would become their weapon.

As GÖKBÖRÜ ascended into the sky, Kemal felt a profound shift within him. His loyalty no longer lay with the empire or its fading rulers. It belonged to the people. He would give them everything he had—every ounce of experience, every battle-hardened instinct—to help them win back their freedom.

GÖKBÖRÜ's hydraulics sighed as it came to a halt at the docks, its metal joints settling into stillness. The Bandırma, an aging small cargo ship, sat ready to depart in the cool morning air.

Meanwhile in the west, the Achaeans were relentless in their pursuit of conquest. After Izmir fell, their war machines advanced rapidly into the heart of Anatolia. With Albion warships looming over the Aegean, providing supplies and air support, the Achaean Mobile Suits crushed Turkish resistance wherever they went. Cities like Aydın and Manisa fell with little struggle, their defenders overwhelmed by the sheer firepower of the invading forces.

Every town the Achaeans took left behind a trail of destruction—burning homes, desecrated mosques and the haunting cries of those who had lost everything. The skies were filled with the deep rumble of their armored behemoths, while the ground was soaked with the blood of those who dared resist.

The mist had barely lifted when the Bandırma docked at Samsun on the morning of May 19, 1919. The wooden planks groaned under the weight of men and supplies as the crew scrambled to secure the vessel. Mustafa Kemal stepped onto the pier, the sea breeze sharp and briny against his face.

There was no grand reception, no cheering crowds—just a handful of loyal officers waiting with subdued expressions, their uniforms worn and their eyes heavy with exhaustion.

He was still officially the Ninth Army Inspector, tasked by the Osmanid government and the Albion with disarming local forces and restoring order. But Mustafa Kemal's true mission had begun to take shape in the shadows during his months in İstanbul. Armed with the Sultan's resources but guided by the vision of his ancestors—Cengiz Han, the unifier of peoples and Kürşad, the defiant warrior—Kemal began forging alliances with local militias. He would galvanize the fragmented resistance movements scattered across Anatolia and bring them under a single, unified effort.

His first major action was in Havza, where on May 25, 1919, he issued the Havza Circular, a call to action for the Turkish people to organize mass protests against the occupation of İzmir. The protests were not just about voicing discontent; they were about creating a unified front of defiance. He encouraged the people to rise in peaceful but powerful demonstrations, urging leaders—both military and civilian—to take the lead. He ensured that these protests remained focused and disciplined, emphasizing that the non-Path Seeker population should not be mistreated during the demonstrations. His goal was clear: to unify the people and galvanize a common national spirit.

This defiance did not go unnoticed. By June 8, 1919, Albion authorities and the Osmanid government had grown suspicious of Kemal's actions. They issued an order for his recall to İstanbul. But by this time, Kemal was entrenched in his plans. He stalled for time by claiming health issues and instead of returning, he moved deeper into Anatolia to Amasya.

Word spread quickly: Mustafa Kemal was not here to crush the rebellion. He was here to ignite it.

In a covert meeting beneath the crumbling stone walls of a hidden base, the Amasya Circular was born—a declaration of defiance against the Sultan and the foreign forces now controlling the empire. Surrounded by his most trusted allies, Kemal outlined the path forward. The fight for Anatolia could not be won by the Sultan's crumbling regime. The fate of the nation now rested in the hands of the people.

The pen hovered over the paper. Mustafa Kemal's hand was steady, but his heart raced. He knew the words he was about to write would change everything—not just for himself, but for the fate of the nation. This was the moment he had been building toward ever since he had watched the Osmanid leadership capitulate to the foreign powers.

"The nation's independence is in danger," he had written earlier in his notes. The words echoed in his mind, not just as a political statement but as a deeply personal one. He was about to break with the empire he had served, severing ties with the Sultan and the very institution that had defined his life up until now.

He paused, thinking of the men he had led in battle—their faces, their last moments on the battlefield. The weight of their sacrifices pressed down on him. This document was for them. They had died believing in an Anatolia that was free and sovereign, not one that bowed to foreign rule.

His hand finally moved and the ink flowed onto the paper. Each stroke of the pen was a declaration of his intent. There was no turning back now. The path ahead would be fraught with danger, betrayal and uncertainty, but for the first time since the fall of the empire, he felt a flicker of hope.

His resolve solidified. “Either independence or death.”

The ink dried. The decision was made.

The Circular stated boldly:

1. The integrity of the homeland and the nation's independence are in grave danger.

2. The government in İstanbul is no longer capable of fulfilling its duties, rendering our nation as non-existent in the eyes of the world.

3. The nation’s independence will be saved by the determination and resolve of the nation itself.

4. To fulfill the requirements of the current situation and make the nation's rights heard loud and clear across the world, the existence of a national committee, free from any pressure and control, is essential.

5. It has been decided that a national congress will be convened immediately in Sivas, the most secure place in Anatolia in every respect.

6. For this purpose, three representatives who have earned the trust of the people from each province and district must set out as soon as possible.

7. As a precaution, this matter must be kept as a national secret and if necessary, the representatives should travel without revealing their identities.

8. A congress in Erzurum is also planned for July and delegates from there will join forces with the Sivas congress to unify the nation’s resistance.

“The nation’s independence will be saved by the determination and resolve of the nation itself”

For the first time in centuries, someone was speaking directly to the people, not relying on the Sultan or the palace to save them. Mustafa Kemal placed the fate of the nation in the hands of its people.
As the words of the Amasya Circular spread through the villages and towns, something changed. The people began to move. Representatives were selected in secret. Men and women who had been isolated, scattered, now began to organize. It wasn’t just the words that moved them—it was the name attached to it.

Mustafa Kemal.

The same Mustafa Kemal who had defied death and led his forces to victory at Çanakkale. The same man who had turned the tide of an impossible battle. Now, he stood with them—not as a commander sent by the Sultan, but as one of them, fighting for their homeland.

It wasn’t just a document. It was a signal that now is the time to act. The hero of Suvla Bay had joined the resistance.

In dark corners, in the hidden rooms where the Circular was read, hope ignited into action. The people knew now that this wasn’t just another rebellion. With Mustafa Kemal on their side, it was something much bigger—a revolution.

Across the land, the people responded. Farmers, factory workers, intellectuals and soldiers alike saw in the Circular a chance to reclaim their homeland. Local militias, once operating in isolation, began to coordinate their efforts, striking with precision and unity.

Kemal’s vision of a united resistance had become a reality, not through the might of an empire, but through the will of the people.

Çerkes Ethem's Kuva-yi Seyyare

Among those who received Kemal's message was Çerkes Ethem, a formidable figure known both for his fierce independence and his tactical brilliance.

As Ethem grew, the Osmanid Empire crumbled. The Balkan Wars of 1912-1913 were a brutal reminder of how fragile the empire had become. In the Balkans, Turkish Path Seekers faced massacres, ethnic cleansing and forced migration at the hands of Rascian, Ongal and Achaean nationalists. Villages were burned, families slaughtered and over 400,000 Path Seekers were driven from their homes, flooding into Anatolia as refugees. For Ethem, the suffering of the Turkish Path Seekers in the Balkans resonated deeply with the Circassians' own experience of displacement. It strengthened his resolve to fight, to defend his people from the fate his ancestors had suffered.

Ethem's natural instincts as a warrior came to the fore during The Great War, when he When the Great War engulfed the world, Ethem entered the ranks of the Teşkilat-ı Mahsusa, the Special Organization. Far from the grand battles of regular armies, he fought in the shadows of Anatolia and beyond — conducting raids, gathering intelligence and striking against enemies who threatened to carve up the Ottoman heartland. He distinguished himself for his courage and ability to lead, particularly in the harsh, unforgiving terrain of Anatolia, where guerrilla warfare became a necessary strategy against enemy forces.

It was only after the empire's collapse that Ethem's legend ignited into full flame.

As the Achaean armies poured into Anatolia from the west, torching fields and raising their banners over Osmanid towns, Ethem gathered the scattered and the defiant — deserters, farmers, orphans of the empire. From their desperation and fury, he forged the Kuva-yi Seyyare — the Mobile Forces. Hardened Circassians, Anatolian Turks, men who had nothing left but their rage and loyalty, rallied under his banner. Together, they became a whirlwind in human form: swift and merciless.

In time, the mere whisper of Ethem's name carried both hope and dread. His forces struck with the suddenness of lightning, tearing through enemy outposts, dismantling collaborationist militias and liberating entire swaths of countryside before melting back into the hills and forests. Villages that had cowered under the Achaean yoke lit fires of celebration when the banners of the Kuva-yi Seyyare rose above their homes. In those desperate times, to the people of Anatolia, Ethem was no mere commander — he was the shield of the oppressed, the sword of vengeance, a living spirit of rebellion.

Ethem fought with a passion that came not only from his devotion to the Turkish cause but also from his deep-seated belief in the justice of defending his adopted homeland from the fate that had befallen his Circassian ancestors.

In the early stages of the war, his Mobile Forces played a critical role, pushing back the Achaean advance and restoring shattered communities to life. Wherever his forces passed, the ground was reclaimed — not just for a nation struggling to be reborn, but for the countless exiles, refugees and broken families who saw in him a shield against annihilation.

Kemal sought Ethem in the dense forests of western Anatolia.

They met beneath the heavy branches of an old pine grove, where the mist hung low and the morning light barely touched the ground.

Behind Kemal stood GÖKBÖRÜ, its blue armor dulled by dust and rain. Half-concealed beneath netting and broken branches, Ethem's TETERTUP waited — built for speed and ambush.

Ethem crossed the clearing with quiet steps.
His gaze met Kemal's in a brief, steady moment — a silent understanding passing between them.

Wordlessly, Ethem turned and led Kemal deeper into the woods.

Among the trees, fighters moved with practiced efficiency: repairing Mobile Suits, stacking salvaged ammunition, sharing brief, clipped words. Tired hands cleaned rifles, patched armor, tuned systems with whatever scraps the land could yield.

There were no banners here. Only the focused, tireless rhythm of a force shaped by hardship and necessity.

In this rough, hidden camp, far from the shattered cities, an alliance began — one forged by grim necessity and the shared burden of a homeland on the brink.

Kara Fatma's Guerrilla Tactics

Even as Kemal sealed his pact with Ethem, his reach extended across Anatolia — carried not by wires or waves, but by couriers who risked death at every turn, threading through war-torn land like veins of purpose.

One of them made it through.

The message reached the northern hills, where Kara Fatma's name already burned like a rumor the occupiers couldn't stamp out.
Her guerrillas struck fast, struck quiet, then vanished—phantoms in the forests, rain in the hills. Convoys went missing. Fuel depots turned to cinder. And when the enemy gave chase, they found only traps and silence.

She turned the land itself into a weapon. Valleys became chokepoints. Roads became graves. The very earth answered to her now.
And in those first desperate months, her fighters did more than survive—they stole the enemy's mobile suits and turned them back on their makers. Machines meant to break them became instruments of defiance. But the foreign tech was hungry, fragile. Parts ran out. Systems failed.

So they adapted. Stripped the dead rigs for what they could carry. Traded high-spec scrap for low-tech grit. They fell back on older models, machines every village mechanic still knew how to keep running. What mattered was that they stayed in motion—fighting not for conquest, but so others could live.

When the courier finally arrived—dust-streaked from the ridges, sharp-eyed, steady, marked by the road but not undone by it—Kara Fatma took the message, scanned its contents and turned straight to the map.

No speeches. No delay.

Just a sharp breath. A nod.

The fight had shifted.

She was no longer just defending the north.

She was part of something larger now—a rising storm.

ACT 10

1919 A.E. The Sivas Congress: The Choice of a Nation

The city of Sivas lay beneath a star-studded sky, its narrow streets filled with whispers of destiny. Inside the grand yet modest congress hall, a gathering of Anatolia's most influential minds sat in quiet turmoil. Among them stood Mustafa Kemal, his figure sharp against the dim light of the room, unwavering in the face of the monumental decision before them. These men of intellect, village leaders, commanders and scholars, all knew that this was no ordinary meeting. The old empire had crumbled, its ruins scattered like ash and now the weight of an entire nation's future rested on their shoulders.

A cold wind of doubt blew through the hall. A Vinlander journalist had arrived days earlier, his words soaked in the hollow promises of imperial mercy. "Perhaps we could survive under Vinland protection," some delegates murmured. "Our weapons are gone, our soldiers are weary and our coffers empty. How can we stand on our own when everything we have is lost?"

The whispers grew louder, the air thickening with tension. "We need help," they reasoned, voices tinged with desperation.

But Mustafa Kemal, unyielding and clear-eyed, rose to cut through the fog of doubt. His words were sharp, slicing through the uncertainty like a blade. "There can be no freedom without full independence. No nation, cradled in the arms of imperialism, can ever truly be free." His gaze, intense and penetrating, swept across the room. It was not the first time the idea of surrender through a foreign mandate had been whispered in his ear, but for Kemal, this was unthinkable. To accept the help of those who had long sought to dominate them was a betrayal of the very soul of their people.

The room shifted, some leaning back in their chairs, others sitting upright, their faces a mix of shame and fear. The wounds of war had driven many to believe that salvation could only come from outside, from those very powers that had carved their empire into pieces. It was easy to imagine surrender as survival.

That night, behind the heavy wooden doors of the Congress, the debate raged. Some delegates, their voices trembling with fatigue and hopelessness, begged for the embrace of Vinland, believing it to be the only way to revive a dying nation. They painted a grim portrait—hunger, overwhelming debt and the cold reality of defeat.

Yet, even as they spoke, a lone voice rose among them. Hikmet, a young medical student, stood trembling but resolute, his eyes ablaze with the fire of youth. "We did not come here to surrender," he declared, his voice echoing through the chamber. "We did not come here to accept the chains of another master. We came here for independence. If you accept a mandate, I swear to you all, we will oppose you. We will not fight for another submission, but for our freedom. We came for nothing less than independence."

Mustafa Kemal's eyes softened as he watched this young man's defiance, a surge of pride swelling in his chest. This, he thought, was the future of the Turkish people—their spirit unbroken, their belief in dignity absolute. He turned back to the assembly, his voice calm but thunderous with certainty. "It is better to die with honor," he said, "than to live as slaves in chains. On this, there can be no compromise."

The weight of his words crashed over the room like a storm. The debates fell silent. In that moment, the tide turned. The spirit of the Congress shifted from one of hopelessness to a spark of defiance. Mustafa Kemal had done more than refute an argument—he had rekindled the flame of a nation's soul, a fire that had flickered in the hearts of Anatolia's people since their ancestors roamed the steppes.

By the end of the night, it was clear. The mandate was dead. The only path forward was one of total independence, or none at all. It was a path fraught with danger, but it was the only one that could lead to true freedom. And so, as the delegates gathered their papers and left the hall, they knew that a decision had been made. The fate of the nation was sealed—Anatolia would be free, or it would fall in the attempt.

At first light, that resolve became action.

To make its stance known before the world, the General Congress issued its declaration—ten principles drafted in unity, sealed in defiance and delivered as the voice of a nation that had risen from the ruins. These were not pleas or demands. They were terms of existence. A message written for friend and foe alike, carved from the will of a people who refused to submit—and were prepared to die fighting:

1. The parts of the Osmanid Empire that remained within our borders on October 30, 1918, when the Armistice of Mudros was signed between the Osmanid Empire and the Allied Powers and which are inhabited by a large Path Seeker majority, are an indivisible and inseparable whole. All Path Seeker peoples living in this country are like brothers, filled with mutual respect and self-sacrifice, respectful of each other's racial and social rights and fully compliant with the conditions of the environment in which they live.

2. In order to preserve the integrity of Osmanid society, secure our national independence and protect the inviolability of the Caliphate and the Sultanate, it is essential to make the Kuvâ-yi Milliye (National Forces) effective and ensure that the national will prevails.

3. Any intervention or occupation of any part of Osmanid territory and particularly any attempt to establish autonomous Achaean or Urartian zones within our homeland, shall be met with united and lawful resistance and defense—just as it was in the national sacrificial war of the Aydın, Manisa and Balıkesir fronts.

4. Since all non-Path Seeker minorities who have lived together with us in the same homeland since time immemorial have had all their rights fully protected, granting these minorities privileges that would disrupt our political sovereignty and social balance will not be accepted.

5. If the Osmanid Government is forced to abandon or neglect any part of our country due to external pressure, all necessary measures and decisions will be taken to ensure the inviolability and integrity of the Caliphate and Sultanate, as well as the homeland and the nation.

6. We expect that the Allied Powers will abandon completely any notion of partitioning our homeland—which is inhabited by a Path Seeker majority, lies within the cultural and civilizational heritage of The Path and forms an integral whole—and that our historical, ethnic, religious and geographical rights over these lands be respected. We call for a decision to be made that is based on justice and rightful claims and for all opposing initiatives to cease immediately.

7. Our nation upholds humanistic, progressive goals and appreciates our technical, industrial and economic situation and needs. Thus, provided that the internal and external independence of our state and nation and the integrity of our homeland are preserved, we will gladly accept technical, industrial and economic assistance from any state that respects national principles and does not harbor ambitions to invade our country, within the boundaries set forth in Article 6. The realization of these just and humanistic conditions, the urgent establishment of peace and the safety of humanity and the well-being of the world are our most sincere national aspirations.

8. In this historic period where nations determine their own futures, it is imperative that the İstanbul Government be bound by the national will. The people have demonstrated, through past events and their outcomes, that they will not submit to arbitrary decisions made by a government that does not rest upon national will—nor will such decisions hold any validity in the international arena. Thus, to relieve the nation of its current distress and anxiety, the İstanbul Government must immediately and without delay convene the National Assembly and submit all decisions concerning the nation's and the country's future to its supervision.

9. The general body formed by the union of patriotic and national associations—born of the national conscience and sharing the same purpose and ideals in response to the oppression and suffering inflicted upon our homeland and people—shall henceforth be known as the Anatolia and Rumelia Association for the Defense of Rights. This association is free from all political factionalism and personal ambition. All Path Seeker citizens are natural members of this Association.

10. At the General Congress held in Sivas on 4 September 1919, the Anatolia and Rumelia Association for the Defense of Rights elected a Representative Committee to pursue its sacred purpose and oversee the general organization. All national organizations—from the smallest village to the provincial capitals—have been reinforced and unified under this structure.

In İstanbul, the Sultan's circle was unraveling. Panic had taken hold—not just among his courtiers, but their Albion handlers, who saw control slipping through their fingers. News of the Sivas Congress spread like wildfire. Amasya had already sounded the alarm—now Sivas had made it law. Mustafa Kemal's defiance was no longer a mutiny. It was a movement.

Orders came swiftly. Kemal and his allies were to be denounced. Across the empire, posters were plastered on walls and city gates: Traitor. Renegade. Enemy of the Sultan. Rewards were promised for his capture. Men who had once toasted him in salons now whispered of betrayal and sedition.

But Anatolia did not tremble.

The more the Empire condemned him, the more the people rallied to his side. Farmers tore down the decrees. Porters whispered his name in hope. Children etched his silhouette onto walls. To the Sublime Porte, he was an outlaw. To the people, he had become something far more dangerous: a leader.

And behind him, the fire of resistance was no longer a flicker. It had become a storm.

ACT 11

1920 A.E. The Provisional Government

The engines of GÖKBÖRÜ roared as Mustafa Kemal's Mobile Suit cut across the vast plains of Anatolia, heading toward the rising city of Ankara. The town, modest and tucked between rugged hills, had been chosen for its strategic location, far from the reach of foreign invaders and free from the Osmanid government's control. But Ankara was more than a geographic choice—it was a statement. It was to become the heart of the nationalist movement, the seat of a new future.

The establishment of the Grand National Assembly in Ankara on April 23, 1920, was a major turning point. Mustafa Kemal was elected its leader and in a historic speech, he declared that "There is no power or authority above the Assembly", setting the framework for a republican system where sovereignty resided with the people, not with monarchs or foreign rulers.

But in the imperial halls of Dolmabahçe, silence reigned. Sultan Vahdettin stood beneath the stern gazes of his forefathers — Osman Gazi, Fatih Sultan Mehmed, Yavuz Sultan Selim, Kanuni Sultan Süleyman, Abdülhamid II. Their eyes seemed to bore into him from the canvases, demanding an answer. Six centuries of conquest and dominion stretched behind him; now, under his watch, the empire was fracturing into dust. The Balkans lost. Qedarite torn away. The Caucasus gone. Even Anatolia trembled.

Mudros had been meant as survival — a maneuver to preserve the Caliphate in the shadow of Albion Mobile Suits. But the illusion had crumbled. The empire was butchered piece by piece and worse, even his own commanders, led by Mustafa Kemal, had raised a rival government in Ankara, daring to claim legitimacy while the dynasty still lived.

Despair curdled into fury. What would his ancestors see in him — the Sultan who surrendered by his own will ? To yield further would mean facing his ancestors as the Sultan who surrendered both empire and honor. To act meant blood, but blood was already flowing.

And so he gave the order. The Sultan's Guard hangars near İstanbul — chambers where the household mobile suits, once the gleaming pride of the dynasty, stood— were opened. These machines were no longer crewed by elite osmanid pilots bound by honor, but by mercenaries. Yet to Vahdettin, their march was his last claim to sovereignty, the final proof that the Sultan's word still commanded steel.

The Caliphate Army rolled into the resistance heartlands with brutal efficiency. Communication lines were severed, supply depots seized, nationalist outposts annihilated. In Düzce, Bolu, Adapazarı, the advance struck terror; sympathizers were dragged from their homes and executed in the squares. Each report hammered Ankara — the weight of the Sultan's Guard pressed deeper with every update.

The price was bitter. Turks were killing Turks, the Osmanid legacy devouring itself. Vahdettin invoked honor, peace and the sanctity of the Caliphate, yet his Guard suit pilots smashed the very foundation of the empire he swore to defend.

Still, Ankara was not without its answer. Mustafa Kemal turned to Çerkes Ethem and the Kuva-yi Seyyare. His fast-moving cavalry suits, wolves born for ambush and sudden fury, were the one force capable of bleeding the Sultan's lumbering Guard ranks. And when the call reached him, Ethem did not hesitate. He unleashed his cavalry suits upon the hills and valleys, turning Anatolia itself into a trap for the Sultan's men.

In the shadow of the mountains, Çerkes Ethem's Kuva-yi Seyyare tore into the Caliphate Army with a fury born of speed and precision. His mobile suits, though smaller and less armored than the Sultan's Guard, darted in and out of the rocky valleys like wolves in a hunt — striking, retreating, then striking again. Metal screamed against metal as ambush after ambush shredded the lumbering Guard ranks. In a dazzling display of tactical genius, Ethem's pilots encircled and annihilated an entire battalion, their hulks collapsing into heaps of smoking wreckage that scarred the mountainside.

Yet while the front buckled under Ethem's fury, the war was not fought there alone. Kara Fatma struck from the shadows. In the forests and passes of İzmit and Bursa, her guerrillas bled the Guard suits in ways no battlefield clash could match. Her mobile suit — scarred, weathered, but unyielding — carried her defiance into every valley, a signal that the Sultan's march would not go unchallenged. Convoys vanished, bridges fell and fuel stores burned; each strike left the Guard staggering further from the lifelines it needed. With every strike, the arteries of the Caliphate Army thinned, leaving its advance stumbling through a land that no longer obeyed its banners.

Together, Ethem's wolves and Fatma's shadows bled the Caliphate Army from both sides — one with steel fangs at the throat, the other with knives to the arteries. For all its heavy armor and the Sultan's banners, the army that marched to smother Ankara now found itself drowning in Anatolia's defiance.

Back in Ankara, the newborn GNA was a battlefield of words. Kemal, though hailed as leader, met defiance from within: some doubted the wisdom of a government forged mid-war, others whispered that his grip on power already mirrored the very Osmanid rule they sought to bury.

In the halls of the newly formed assembly, debates raged as representatives from across Anatolia gathered to discuss the future of the resistance. For Kemal, the GNA wasn't just a political move—it was a necessity. The resistance needed legitimacy, a government that could rally the people and give them hope for a future beyond the chaos of war.

Mustafa Kemal, ever the pragmatic leader, knew that in order to secure Anatolia's future, the various militias and irregular forces, including Ethem's, had to be brought under the command of the new national army. But for Ethem, whose life had been carved by betrayal and exile, surrendering autonomy was not unity. It was a noose.

Exile ran in his blood. His people had been driven from the Caucasus into Anatolia. He watched the Osmanid state collapse into ruin around him.

Now the very movement he had helped build demanded he give up his autonomy. To him, it reeked of betrayal. And of a future he would not let others script for him.

ACT 12

1920 A.E. The Treaty of Sèvres

The signing of the Treaty of Sèvres on August 10, 1920, was a moment of both humiliation and reckoning for the Osmanid Empire, signaling the near-total disintegration of what had once been one of the world's greatest empires. It was not just a diplomatic defeat—it was an existential threat, a document that sought to erase Anatolia from the map and reduce its people to mere subjects under foreign dominion.

Negotiated by the victorious Allied powers, led by Albion, Gallia and Rome, the treaty was designed to dismantle the Osmanid Empire and divide its lands among the Allies and their protégés. It was nothing short of the final blow for a people already teetering on the edge of annihilation.

The Turkish homeland itself was now under threat of dismemberment. The Achaeans, backed by Albion's Prime Minister David Lloyd George, were poised to claim Western Anatolia, with the Megali Idea—the dream of recreating a Greater Achaea—firmly in their sights. İzmir and Thrace would fall into Achaean hands, turning dreams of Achaean territorial expansion into reality. Urartu, too, was promised its own independent state in Eastern Anatolia, slicing away a region that had been a core part of the Osmanid heartland for centuries. Meanwhile, the Kurdish question was being debated, with talks of granting the Kurds autonomy or even independence in southeastern Anatolia.

The Albion sought control over the oil- and water-rich regions of Mesopotamia and Mosul, while the Gaul focused on expanding their influence into Cilicia and Syria. The Roman aimed to establish a foothold in southwestern Anatolia. Even the United Vinland, under President Woodrow Wilson, was drawn into the process, tasked with determining the borders of the proposed Urartian state.

For Anatolia, this was not a treaty—it was an ultimatum. The map of the Osmanid Empire, meticulously drawn and redrawn by foreign hands, left Anatolia a fragment of its former self, confined to a small part of Anatolia, surrounded by hostile powers and fragmented by internal unrest. It was clear that the Sèvres Treaty was not just about territorial loss—it was about the erasure of the Turkish identity.

When the terms of the treaty were made public, the reaction in Anatolia was one of shock, anger and betrayal. The Sultan's government in İstanbul, weak and subservient to the Allies, seemed prepared to accept this fate, but for the Turkish nationalists, led by Mustafa Kemal, the treaty was utterly unacceptable.

Mustafa Kemal saw the Treaty of Sèvres as the ultimate insult—a foreign-imposed agreement that disregarded the will of the Turkish people and sought to reduce them to mere pawns in the geopolitical games of the Occident. The treaty was not just a threat to Turkish sovereignty; it was a mortal danger to the very existence of the Turkish nation. Mustafa Kemal and his followers knew that if they did not resist, the fate of the Osmanid Empire would be sealed and the Turkish people would be relegated to a minor province in a world dominated by the imperial ambitions of Albion, Gallia, Rome and Achaea.

The Allies, for their part, were engaged in a delicate balancing act. While they were eager to divide the spoils of the Osmanid Empire, they were also deeply concerned about maintaining their own power and influence. The Albion were especially wary of Gaul ambitions in the region and the Romans, who had been promised southwestern Anatolia in earlier agreements, were growing increasingly restless as their demands were sidelined. The Allies had little desire to see the Turks rise again, but internal divisions and conflicting interests among the Allied powers left room for Turkish resistance to take root.

Lloyd George, one of the key architects of the treaty, was confident that the Achaean forces, supported by Albion arms, could swiftly crush Turkish resistance in Anatolia. He believed that the Turks would be too weakened by years of war to mount a serious defense.

For the Turkish people, the Treaty of Sèvres became a rallying cry. It was the symbol of everything they had lost—territory, sovereignty and dignity—but it was also the catalyst for their fight for freedom. The treaty united the Turkish people even more in their determination to resist and under Mustafa Kemal's leadership, they prepared for a war that would either save their homeland or destroy it entirely.

In Ankara, the newly formed Grand National Assembly rejected the treaty outright, declaring it null and void. The Turkish people, weary of occupation and subjugation, rallied behind Mustafa Kemal, determined to prove that their nation would not be erased from history. The Turkish War of Independence was fought not just with rifles and bayonets but with a fierce belief in the right to self-determination.

ACT 13

1920–1921 A.E. Total War

With the provisional government established, Kemal's forces confront external threats on several fronts:

Eastern Front – Battle of Kars

The collapse of the empire, followed by the Treaty of Sèvres, left Kars vulnerable once more. The newly formed First Republic of Urartu laid claim to the region, seeking to establish control over Eastern Anatolia, while the Turks, embattled on multiple fronts, were struggling to hold their own.

The people of Kars, however, had never accepted foreign rule. For them, this land, rich with history and culture, was sacred. It was a city that had witnessed empires rise and fall and its people—resilient, proud and fiercely independent—held fast to the belief that Kars would one day return to Turkish hands. They waited, knowing that Mustafa Kemal was their only hope.

Mustafa Kemal understood the strategic importance of Kars. Situated at the crossroads of Anatolia and the Caucasus, it was not only a symbol of Turkish sovereignty but a key point in defending the eastern borders of the nascent Turkish state. As the war against the Achaean raged on the western front, Kemal's mind was always divided—he knew that securing peace in the east was critical to the survival of the Republic.

In 1920, the situation became dire. Urartian forces, emboldened by the support of the Allies and their own territorial ambitions, launched a series of attacks aimed at consolidating control over Kars and the surrounding regions. Mustafa Kemal, though occupied with the threats from the west and south, knew that the time had come to strike in the east.

With the support of Kâzım Karabekir, a brilliant general who had long defended Turkish interests in the east, Kemal began to organize a campaign to reclaim Kars. Karabekir had been stationed in the region for some time, holding together the remnants of the Osmanid army and rallying local support for the nationalist cause. He shared Kemal's vision of a united Anatolia, free from foreign intervention and was ready to act.

The Road to Kars

In the autumn of 1920, as the nationalist forces gained ground against the Urartians, Kemal and Karabekir devised a bold plan to retake Kars. The situation was delicate—the city's strategic importance made it a prime target for both Urartian forces and potential Russian interference. But Kemal, ever the strategist, saw an opportunity in the chaos of post-revolutionary Russia. The Bolsheviks, newly in power, were more interested in securing peace with Anatolia than supporting Urartu. This gave Kemal the diplomatic space he needed to focus on the military campaign without fearing intervention from the north.

Kemal's orders to Karabekir were clear: strike fast, strike hard and liberate Kars before the winter set in. Karabekir, with his deep understanding of the region's terrain and its people, moved quickly. He rallied his forces, a mix of regular troops and local militias and began a rapid advance towards Kars.

On October 30, 1920, Turkish forces launched their final assault on the city. The battle was fierce—Urartian troops, knowing the significance of the city, put up stiff resistance. The streets of Kars echoed with the sounds of gunfire and the shouts of men fighting for their homes. But the Turkish forces, driven by the knowledge that they were not just fighting for land but for the future of their nation, pressed forward with relentless determination.

As the sun rose on November 7, 1920, the Turkish flag was once again hoisted over the city of Kars. The victory was swift and decisive. The Urartian forces, unable to withstand the well-coordinated Turkish assault, were forced to retreat. Kars, after years of occupation, was finally free.

Kars: A Symbol of Unity and Strength

The victory at Kars was more than a military conquest; it was a rallying point for the Turkish people. To the weary nation, which had endured countless invasions, occupations and betrayals, Kars became a symbol of hope, unity and resilience. It was a declaration that the Turkish people would not allow their homeland to be carved up by foreign powers, that they would stand and fight, not just with their weapons, but with their diplomatic savvy and their unbreakable will.

For Kemal, Kars was also deeply personal. It was not simply another city reclaimed, but a demonstration of his leadership—both on the battlefield and in the halls of diplomacy. Kars stood as a testament to his ability to wage war and peace with equal skill, to navigate the treacherous waters of international politics and to secure a future for the Turan Republic.

The Treaties of Alexandropol and Kars solidified Kemal's vision of a sovereign Turkish state, free from the influence of foreign powers and ensured the eastern borders would remain intact for generations to come. The people of Kars, who had suffered through years of Russian occupation, now stood tall, their city once again part of the land they loved.

For every Turk, from the western shores of Anatolia to the rugged highlands of the east, the victory at Kars was a beacon of what could be achieved. It symbolized unity, sacrifice and resilience in the face of overwhelming odds. Kars was not just a battle—it was the defiance of a nation, a people standing up to say, "This is our land and we will not surrender it."

As the Turan Republic emerged from the ashes of the Osmanid Empire, the liberation of Kars became a shining example of what could be achieved through unity, strategic brilliance and sheer determination. It wasn't just a victory for the people of Kars—it was a victory for all Turks, for every man, woman and child who had dreamed of a future where their homeland was whole, sovereign and free.

The liberation of Kars was the beginning of a diplomatic revolution. Mustafa Kemal, ever the strategist, understood that the future of Anatolia would not be secured by military might alone. To solidify his gains and ensure the survival of the nascent Turkish state, he turned to a surprising ally: Soviet Russia.

For centuries, the Osmanid Empire and Imperial Russia had been locked in a bitter rivalry, but with the fall of the Osmanid monarchy and the Russian Tsar, a new alignment of interests emerged. The Bolsheviks, under Vladimir Lenin, were eager to undermine the Western imperial powers that were encroaching on Anatolia and they saw the Turkish National Movement as a valuable ally in this fight.

Mustafa Kemal, recognizing the opportunity, entered into delicate negotiations with the Soviets. He knew that financial and military support from the Bolsheviks could tip the balance in Anatolia's favor, especially as they faced the Achaean army in the west and sought to stabilize the eastern front against Urartu.

By mid-1920, the first shipments of gold, weapons and ammunition began flowing from Soviet Russia to the Turkish Nationalists. The Soviets provided approximately 500 kilograms of gold, crucial funds that helped stabilize the war-torn economy and fund military operations. Alongside this financial aid, the Soviets supplied rifles, machine guns, artillery and ammunition, strengthening the Turkish army at a critical time.

This support was not given freely—it was part of a broader diplomatic effort. The Bolsheviks needed an ally in Anatolia, a state that would not fall under the influence of Albion, Gallia, or Achaea and Mustafa Kemal needed Soviet support to win the war and secure Anatolia's future. In exchange, Kemal assured the Soviets that Turan would remain neutral and would not become a launching point for Western attacks on the Soviet Union.

This mutual understanding laid the groundwork for a series of treaties. On December 2, 1920, the Treaty of Alexandropol was signed between Turan and Urartu, ending hostilities in the east. This was a significant diplomatic achievement, as Urartu recognized Turkish sovereignty over Kars and other disputed territories. But even more important were the negotiations that followed.

In March 1921, Turan and Soviet Russia signed the Treaty of Moscow, formalizing their alliance. This treaty not only established the borders between the two nations but also secured continued Soviet support in the form of arms and gold, which would sustain Anatolia through the remainder of its struggle for independence. The Treaty of Kars, signed later in 1921 with Urartu, Azerbaijan and Iberia, further solidified Anatolia's eastern borders and secured lasting peace on the Caucasus front.

The Fall of Çerkes Ethem - The Price of Unity

As 1920 turned into 1921, the rift between Ankara's new government and Ethem deepened. Ethem, ever the warrior, began to question the leadership of Mustafa Kemal and his inner circle, accusing them of political maneuvering and corruption. His refusal to subordinate his forces to the national army was seen as a threat to the unity of the Turkish cause. In the eyes of the leadership in Ankara, Ethem had become not a hero but a dangerous renegade, a figure whose independence threatened the very foundation of the new Anatolia they were trying to build.

By early 1921, the situation reached a breaking point. Mustafa Kemal, now determined to bring all forces under his control, issued an ultimatum: Ethem must either submit to the national army or face the consequences. Ethem, believing he had been wronged, chose to defy the order. He retreated with his forces, refusing to join the centralized command.

İsmet Paşa, one of Mustafa Kemal's most trusted generals, had been tasked with overseeing the transformation. His orders were clear—no more fragmented guerilla tactics, no more independent warlords. The resistance needed to stand united, or it would crumble beneath the weight of foreign invaders and internal chaos.

The battle lines were drawn—not against Achaean invaders, but between former allies. In early January, just days before the First Battle of İnönü, İsmet Paşa's forces advanced on Western Anatolia, in the region near Gediz and Kütahya, where Ethem's militia had been operating. What had been a unified resistance now stood fractured, trembling on the brink of tragedy. The Circassian warrior, once the hero of the War of Independence, was now being hunted by the very army he had fought alongside.

Cornered and outnumbered, Ethem stood his ground. Across the frozen fields, thousands waited in suffocating stillness — no battle cry, no gunfire, only a terrible, heavy silence between former brothers.

Amid that silence, Ethem faced İsmet Paşa at the vanguard, his eyes ablaze with defiance and sorrow.

"I fought in the darkest hours when no one else had the courage. I turned the tide when all hope was lost. And now, after everything we did for the cause, you expect me to be just another soldier in your ranks? There's no such world!"

Before İsmet Paşa could respond, a voice came from behind, steady but worn by the weight of leadership. Mustafa Kemal emerged, his eyes weary but resolute.

"This isn't about pride, Ethem. It's about survival. The days of independent militias are over. We can't afford to be divided any longer."

In Gökbörü's right hand, a heavy battle axe gleamed with a low hum, pulsing like a beating heart.

The sight of the drawn weapon rippled across the gathered soldiers. Turkish Mobile Suits on both sides shifted nervously, rifle muzzles twitching, fingers tightening on triggers.

The scent of battle, of betrayal and tragedy, filled the frozen air.
Ethem's militia bristled instinctively, their Mobile Suits beginning to move — an invisible line ready to be crossed.

Inside his battered TETERTUP, Ethem reacted first.
His voice, iron-hard, cut across the open comms like a blade.
"Hold your ground! No one moves!"

At once, his men obeyed, suits locking in place with a stuttering silence. Not one of them dared disobey their commander — the man who had led them through fire and darkness.
Mustafa Kemal's voice crackled over the shared comms, calm yet authoritative charged with grim finality.

"Ethem, you still have time. Stand down. Your men don't need to die for this."

For a heartbeat, there was only silence between them — the hush before an avalanche.

The TETERTUP straightened and with a sharp movement, Ethem drew both of his twin energy swords, the dark green Mobile Suit flaring to life like a coiled predator.

Ethem's voice surged back, filled with seething defiance.
"Stand down? After everything I've done, you turn your guns on me? You've become everything we fought against, Kemal. I will not bow to your central command."

Thrusters ignited. The ground trembled.

Ethem charged, twin swords cutting twin arcs of blue fury through the dim air.

Mustafa Kemal answered with a low, rising growl from the GÖKBÖRÜ's engines, stepping forward to meet him.

The battlefield, once brimming with soldiers and Mobile Suits ready for war, held its breath.

No other moved. No other dared.

Steel met steel in a blinding storm and the fate of dreams — of freedom, unity and Anatolia itself — was decided in the clash of two brothers, drawn apart by duty and destiny.

Mustafa Kemal's voice was firm, yet without hatred—only a grim sense of necessity.
"This isn't about betrayal, Ethem. We cannot afford to be divided while the enemy surrounds us. Stand down and we might yet save what remains."

The two Mobile Suits circled one another, each step pounding deep into the frozen earth, each movement tense, precise — a ritual as old as war itself.

TETERTUP surged forward first, twin energy swords igniting into twin arcs of blazing blue light.

Ethem made the first move — a savage upward slash, fast and furious, aimed to disable GÖKBÖRÜ's command sensors, not to kill but to stop Kemal, to force him to listen.

Steel clashed against steel, a crack of light splitting the air.

GÖKBÖRÜ answered with brute power. Mustafa Kemal pivoted his Mobile Suit with mechanical grace, swinging the heavy battle axe downward in a vicious counter-strike.

The Tetertup twisted aside at the last instant, the axe carving a deep furrow into the earth where Ethem had stood a second before.

“You mistake order for tyranny,” Kemal growled through the comms, his voice low and heavy, pushing forward with relentless force. “This isn’t about control. It’s about unity. Without a unified army, we stand no chance against Achaea or the Imperialist forces.”

TETERTUP darted around him, fast as a blade of wind, Ethem's twin swords flashing again and again — slashing at joints, thrusters, optics — trying to break the GÖKBÖRÜ down with speed.

“You’ve forgotten what we’re fighting for!” Ethem roared, his Mobile Suit weaving and slicing through the battlefield like a green ghost.
“This war is about the people, about their right to fight for themselves, not to be pawns in your government’s army!”

Mustafa Kemal’s voice grew colder, the weight of leadership pressing down.
“And what of the people’s future, Ethem? Your guerilla tactics, your independence—it was necessary once, but that time is over. We’re no longer fighting in the shadows. This is war on a grand scale and it needs a united front.”

The GÖKBÖRÜ weathered the storm of strikes, each blow grazing or biting shallow wounds into its heavy armor.
Kemal endured, waiting for his moment, trusting in weight and patience.

“United? You mean obedient. I fight for freedom—for the right of every man and woman to choose their own fate. You’ve turned this into a nation of soldiers, cogs in your war machine.”

As TETERTUP danced past in another flashing strike, GÖKBÖRÜ lashed out with a sudden, brutal swing.

“You think this is about me? This isn’t about control, Ethem. It’s about survival. Look around you! The Achaeans carve their path through our homeland. The Sultan’s loyalists would burn Anatolia to the ground to regain their throne. This isn’t the time for individualism!”

The heavy axe connected with a glancing blow, sending Ethem's Mobile Suit staggering sideways, sparks bursting from one shoulder.
The earth shuddered.
But Ethem caught himself, twisting mid-fall, landing in a low stance — his twin swords ready again.

"Individualism?" Ethem spat back.

"Without individual freedom, what’s left worth fighting for?!"

They collided once more, blades and axe meeting in shrieking parries, the GÖKBÖRÜ absorbing blows like a fortress, answering each with earth-shaking swings meant to end the fight in one decisive strike.

“I was there from the beginning, Kemal. We fought as brothers. Now, you treat me like an enemy?”

GÖKBÖRÜ’s axe whirled in a wide, brutal arc — and TETERTUP flipped back, thrusters flaring, narrowly avoiding decapitation.

“You’ve become a danger,” Mustafa Kemal countered. “There is no Freedom without a homeland! A divided Anatolia is a defeated Anatolia. Your refusal to unite with the GNA fractures our cause. You’re handing victory to our enemies! United we stand, divided we fall!”
TETERTUP lunged again, twin swords flashing like twin lightning bolts, but this time GÖKBÖRÜ met the assault head-on.

The two titans locked once more, struggling, the weight of leadership, sorrow and shattered dreams pressing down heavier than any weapon.

“And what kind of Anatolia will you create, Kemal? Ethem’s voice, once filled with rage, now rasped, both Mobile Suits groaning under the strain.

“One that’s free in name but bound by your rules, your government? You speak of unity, but what you mean is control. You’ve lost sight of the people in your vision for the future.”

For a long moment, the world around them faded to nothing — just two men, two ideals, clashing at the edge of their dreams.

The fight was not just steel against steel.

It was the collision of everything they had fought for — and everything they now feared they might lose.

Mustafa Kemal’s Mobile Suit paused. His voice softened, almost weary.
“Perhaps I have. Perhaps leadership demands a kind of control neither of us ever wanted. But the people need more than ideals right now, Ethem. They need safety. They need a nation that can protect them.”

Ethem’s Tetertup stood tall, battered and smoking from the earlier exchange.
“And what happens after this war is over, Kemal? Will you give them the freedom to choose then, or will your ‘unified front’ just become a new form of oppression?”

Mustafa Kemal’s silence lasted only a heartbeat. As the Tetertup staggered, its systems failing and smoke pouring from its wounds, he spoke with calm authority, his voice unwavering.
“There will be a choice, Ethem. Once the war is over, once we’ve secured our future, the people will have the freedom to decide their path. But first, they need to be safe. They need to know their sacrifices weren’t in vain. What I offer isn’t tyranny—it’s the foundation of a republic where no one man holds power forever.”

“What we’re building isn’t another form of control. It’s the only way for Anatolia to survive, to be free—not just today, but for generations to come. This fight isn’t about us; it never was. We fought to free our people, to give them a future that isn’t defined by foreign powers or internal chaos. A future where all will be free and finally be equal, no matter who they are. If you can’t see that, you were never fighting for the people—you were fighting for yourself.”

Ethem let out a long, exhausted breath, the fire in his voice finally dimming.
“Maybe you’re right… Or maybe the cost will be too high. Either way, men like me… we won't see that future.”

Mustafa Kemal’s gaze remained steady, unwavering.
“No, Ethem,” he said quietly. “You were part of it. You always will be. There is a place for everyone in this republic. But it’s not about personal power. It’s about serving something greater than ourselves. We’re building a nation, not carving out fiefdoms.”
Inside the battered cockpit of the TETERTUP, Çerkes Ethem closed his eyes.
His hands, still gripping the controls, trembled — not from fear, but from the crushing weight of what must be done.

Slowly, deliberately, he powered down his Mobile Suit, the twin swords retracting, the engines sighing into silence.
The green giant slumped to one knee, battered but unbowed — a warrior choosing to yield, not to defeat, but to destiny.

Across the field, no orders were given. No guns fired.
The soldiers of the Turan Republic simply watched, frozen.

Ethem switched to private comms, his voice low but sharp:

"All units. Power down. Abandon your suits. Disperse."
He had fought for a free Anatolia — and now, he could only surrender to save it from itself.

There was a long, hollow pause — then the Mobile Suits of his militia began falling silent, one by one, kneeling into the dirt like fallen titans.
Weapons were dropped. Engines died. The fields were filled not with the smoke of battle, but with the cold stillness of surrender.

From the cockpit of the GÖKBÖRÜ, Mustafa Kemal watched the battlefield.

The surrendered Mobile Suits knelt in rows like fallen monuments, ghostly in the pale morning light.

No words passed his lips.
No orders were given.

He simply turned his machine away, the heavy axe still clenched in GÖKBÖRÜ's hand and marched back into the darkness of war — knowing that building a nation would cost more than battles.

It would cost men like Çerkes Ethem.

If Anatolia was to survive, it would have to survive even the loss of its bravest sons.

In the days that followed, trapped between Ankara's forces and the advancing Achaean occupiers, Ethem made his final decision.

With only a handful of loyal companions, he negotiated a grim arrangement:
a safe corridor through enemy lines — offered by the Achaeans, who preferred to see a fierce enemy vanish into exile rather than face him anew.

The green shadow of the Tetertup disappeared into the mist and smoke of a battered horizon,
leaving behind only silence — and memory.

It was not betrayal.
It was sacrifice — the final duty of a warrior to a dream greater than himself.

Northern Front – Kara Fatma's Guerrilla Tactics

On the Northern Front, Kara Fatma and her fierce militia moved with ruthless efficiency. The mountainous terrain near İzmit and Sakarya provided a natural cover for her guerrilla fighters, who specialized in surprise Mobile Suit ambushes and swift hit-and-run attacks.

Kara Fatma, a legend among the resistance, led her unit in a series of daring operations that constantly disrupted enemy movement. In one pivotal raid, her fighters destroyed an entire enemy convoy, cutting off crucial supplies to Achaean forces stationed in the north.

Though they lacked the advanced technology of their enemies, Fatma's militia relied on their deep knowledge of the terrain, turning it into a deadly advantage. Her leadership boosted morale across the front and her victories spread like wildfire through the resistance ranks — proof that Anatolia's spirit could not be broken, even in its darkest hours.

Western Front – Battles of İnönü

As Kemal's forces regrouped after Çerkes Ethem's fall, the nationalist movement emerged stronger and more unified than ever. The provisional government in Ankara solidified its position as the legitimate authority and Kemal's leadership was firmly established.

The consolidation of power came at a cost — paid in loyalty, ideals and men like Çerkes Ethem. But now, at last, the resistance stood as one. With internal conflicts mostly resolved and external threats held at bay, the groundwork was laid for the final push towards independence.

Mustafa Kemal and his commanders were not blind to the tactical advantage the Achaeans held with their advanced Mobile Suits. But the Turks had something their enemies lacked: unity and an unbreakable spirit. In hidden workshops deep within the mountains, Turkish engineers worked tirelessly to retrofit their outdated Mobile Suits, salvaging parts from the debris of past battles and constructing crude but functional war machines. These machines, though smaller and less powerful, were designed for speed and ambush tactics—perfect for the guerrilla warfare that would soon follow.

Kemal knew that a head-on clash with the Achaean forces was suicide. Instead, he ordered his commanders to employ hit-and-run tactics, targeting supply lines, sabotaging enemy Mobile Suits in the dead of night and creating chaos wherever they could. It was in these small victories that the Turkish National Movement found its strength, slowly eroding the Achaean foothold in Anatolia.

But even as their sabotage bled the enemy's advance, the overall tide of war remained grim.

The Western Front had become a crucible of desperation. The Achaean army, bolstered by foreign aid, pressed forward relentlessly.Turkish nationalist forces, stretched thin and undersupplied, held their ground with nothing but sheer will. Morale flickered like a dying flame in the bitter cold. The battered ranks stood, bloodied but unbroken, against overwhelming odds.

And yet — under the command of İsmet Paşa, on the frozen fields of İnönü, a stand was about to unfold that would shake the fate of Anatolia itself.

The First Battle of İnönü – January 1921

On the frozen, rugged terrain near İnönü, the Turkish forces took their positions. The battlefield, once a quiet stretch of land, now roared to life as artillery shells exploded across the hills and the heavy treads of Mobile Suits pressed deep into the snow-covered ground. Smoke and the acrid scent of burning fuel filled the air as the Achaean forces advanced, supported by their latest, foreign-supplied war machines.

The Achaean forces, well-armed and emboldened by Occidental support, had been steadily advancing across Anatolia, intent on crushing the nascent Turkish National Movement. They had already seized much of western Anatolia and their eyes were set on Eskişehir—a vital stronghold for the Turkish forces led by İsmet Paşa. If Eskişehir fell, the path to Ankara, the heart of the Turkish resistance, would be open. The stakes could not have been higher.

In the face of overwhelming odds, İsmet Paşa's troops—many of them poorly equipped and suffering from lack of supplies—stood firm. These soldiers, drawn from across Anatolia, included many veterans of the Balkan Wars, men who had already lost their homes and families to the wars that had ravaged the Osmanid Empire. They knew what was at stake: if they lost here, there would be no refuge left. Many of them had been part of the great exodus from the Balkans, fleeing massacres and ethnic cleansing that had marked the collapse of Osmanid control in the Occident. The memory of their burned villages and lost loved ones was a fire that burned deep in their hearts. They could not—would not—allow their homeland to fall again.

İsmet Paşa's command Mobile Suit, a battle-scarred but formidable machine, stood at the heart of the defense. Flanked by older, patched-together Mobile Suits salvaged from past battles, the Turkish forces prepared for a brutal confrontation. The weather worked in their favor; a thick mist cloaked the hills, masking their movements as they repositioned in anticipation of the assault.

The enemy struck with ferocity, their Mobile Suits charging forward, energy weapons lighting up the sky in a barrage of beams and plasma bolts. But the nationalist forces held their ground. With grim determination, İsmet Paşa led counter-assaults, its energy cannons blasting through the ranks of Achaean machines, leveling their armored infantry.

Throughout the bitter hours of combat, İsmet Paşa´s forces fought in tightly coordinated waves. Every move was calculated, each mech unit sacrificing mobility for strategic advantage. Their tactics, honed in the harsh realities of war, took full advantage of the terrain. As the Achaeans pushed through the hills, Turkish Mobile Suits would ambush from hidden vantage points, unleashing torrents of fire before retreating into the mist. The battlefield was a chaotic blend of smoke, steel and snow, the explosions casting brief, brilliant light over the carnage.

By the end of the First Battle of İnönü, despite the crushing numbers and advanced weaponry of the Achaeans, the nationalist forces held the line. The enemy retreated, shaken and with their momentum broken. This battle marked not just a military victory but a psychological turning point for the Turkish forces.

The Second Battle of İnönü – March 1921

But the triumph of January was not to be the last word. In March, the Achaean returned, their numbers swollen, their resolve hardened. This time, they were determined to crush the Turks once and for all. They launched a second assault on the Turkish positions, confident that they could break through and march on to Ankara.

Victory had bought time, but it was fleeting. Once again, İsmet Paşa’s forces found themselves at the mercy of a much larger army, their lines thin and their equipment battered. For İsmet Paşa and his men, this was a battle not just for survival, but for the very future of the Turkish nation. The stakes were clear: if the Achaean succeeded, the fledgling Turkish state would be cut down before it had even taken root. Ankara would fall and with it, the hopes of a free and independent Anatolia. Mustafa Kemal, the leader of the Grand National Assembly, watched anxiously from Ankara, knowing that everything depended on the outcome of this battle.

But, as before, İsmet Paşa was ready. His Mobile Suit had been refitted for the coming storm, its armor patched with scavenged plates, its systems hastily repaired by the overworked engineers. Alongside it, the battered remnants of the Turkish mech battalions stood ready, their pilots bracing for the inevitable clash.

The Achaean assault came with brutal efficiency. Their heavy mechs, supported by advanced artillery, pushed relentlessly toward the Turkish lines. Explosions rocked the battlefield, craters opening up in the frozen earth as entire squads were vaporized in the heat of the battle. Despite their superior firepower, the Achaean forces were met with a calculated defense. İsmet Paşa’s forces had learned from the first battle, adapting their tactics to funnel the enemy into narrow choke points, where they could be overwhelmed by concentrated fire from the Mobile Suit squadrons.

As the battle raged on, İsmet Paşa led the counter-attack, spearheading assaults on key enemy positions. Its reinforced chassis absorbed blow after blow, while its cannons tore through enemy armor. The ground beneath shook with each clash of titanic machines and the sky was painted with the fiery streaks of missiles and plasma bolts. The artillery fire was relentless, tearing apart the earth and leaving the battlefield littered with the dead. But once again, the Turkish soldiers, many of whom had fought in the freezing winters of the Balkan Wars, held firm. They had learned the bitter lessons of defeat in those wars—lessons they would not repeat here.

In a desperate push, the Achaeans tried to break through the Turkish center. Their Mobile Suits surged forward, overwhelming the first line of defense. But İsmet Paşa's strategy was flawless; he had lured them into overextending. The Turkish forces counter-attacked from both flanks, trapping the Achaean forces in a deadly crossfire. Explosions rocked the battlefield as the Achaeans were forced into a brutal retreat, their losses staggering.

The Second Battle of İnönü ended with another decisive victory for the Turkish forces. Despite being outnumbered and outgunned, İsmet Paşa's tactical brilliance and the indomitable spirit of his soldiers had turned the tide of the war on the Western Front. The nationalist cause gained momentum and the battles of İnönü became legendary as turning points in the struggle for Anatolia.

Southern Front – The Siege Wars
The Gaul-Turkish War 1920-1921

One of the most dramatic moments in this war came during the siege of Maraş. In early 1920, Gaul forces, bolstered by Urartian units, moved to solidify control over the city. However, the people of Maraş were not willing to yield. Under the leadership of local figures and with Mustafa Kemal's growing national movement as their inspiration, they mounted a fierce resistance.

The Gaul, expecting a quick victory, found themselves bogged down in brutal urban warfare. The Maraşlıs fought with whatever they had—farm tools, old rifles, even their bare hands—turning their homes into fortresses and their streets into death traps for the occupying forces. The bravery of the townspeople, many of them women and children, became legendary.

The victory at Maraş electrified the nation. It was not just a battle won; it was a statement—that the Turkish people would not be subjugated. The Turkish forces, though vastly outnumbered and outgunned, had the strength of their homeland behind them. Mustafa Kemal understood that this victory was more than just a military achievement—it was the spark that would ignite a wider resistance across southern Anatolia.

The Turning Point: Antep and Urfa

Following the success in Maraş, the people of Antep and Urfa took up the mantle of resistance. These cities, rich with history and culture, were strategically important to the Gaul, who believed that controlling them would pave the way for broader dominance in the region.

In Antep, the Gaul believed they could break the will of the resistance by imposing a brutal siege. But they underestimated the sheer determination of the Antepli, who, much like their counterparts in Maraş, turned their homes into strongholds. Under the banner of Mustafa Kemal's national liberation movement, the people of Antep endured months of suffering, deprivation and bombardment, refusing to surrender.

Mustafa Kemal, though engaged in the larger war of independence, did not forget the fighters in these besieged cities. Through covert channels, he ensured that weapons, ammunition and food reached the resistance fighters. The Gaul, despite their superior firepower, could not break the will of the people.

The defense of Urfa followed a similar pattern, where Mustafa Kemal's fighters, alongside local forces, successfully resisted the Gaul occupation, forcing them to withdraw by April 1920. These victories, while small in scale compared to later conflicts, symbolized a rising tide of national unity and resistance.

The Diplomatic Masterstroke

Mustafa Kemal was far more than a battlefield commander—he was a genius of diplomacy, understanding that the survival and sovereignty of Turan required more than just military victories. As the War of Independence dragged on, Kemal knew that defeating the Gaul militarily was only one aspect of the larger struggle. The true challenge lay in securing international recognition of the Turkish National Movement, ensuring that Turan would be treated as a legitimate, sovereign state in the post-war world.

The outcome of these negotiations was nothing short of a diplomatic coup—the Treaty of Ankara, signed on October 20, 1921. This agreement marked a turning point in Turan's struggle for independence. The Gaul agreed to withdraw from southern Anatolia, officially recognizing the Turkish National Movement's control over the region. In exchange, Mustafa Kemal, ever pragmatic, ensured that Gaul economic interests in the region were safeguarded, a concession that cost Turan little but gave the Gaul a face-saving exit from the conflict.

This treaty was a masterstroke of diplomacy. For the first time, one of the major imperialist powers of the era had formally recognized the sovereignty of the Turkish National Movement. Mustafa Kemal had not only secured peace without compromising Turan's territorial integrity, but he had also neutralized one of the most powerful of the Allied nations. The Treaty of Ankara was more than just a political agreement—it was the legitimization of the Turkish cause on the international stage. It showed that Turan could engage with the world powers on equal footing, not as a defeated empire, but as a sovereign nation in its own right.

The Franco-Turkish War, though smaller in scale compared to the later battles against the Achaeans and other Allies, carried profound significance. It demonstrated to the world that the Turkish people, under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal, would not allow themselves to be subjugated by foreign powers, even those as formidable as the Gaul. The victories at Maraş, Antep and Urfa became symbols of the indomitable Turkish spirit, a people who refused to accept partition and occupation. Yet, it was the diplomatic victory in Ankara that truly signified a turning point. Mustafa Kemal was not merely a war hero; he had emerged as a statesman of extraordinary skill, capable of negotiating a future for Turan that preserved its independence and dignity. His ability to outmaneuver one of the most powerful colonial empires in the world while securing his sovereignty elevated his standing not only among his own people but also on the global stage.

Through his strategic brilliance, his understanding of diplomacy and his unwavering belief in the cause of Turkish independence, Mustafa Kemal had secured yet another victory on the long road to the creation of the Republic of Turan. The Treaty of Ankara was more than a political triumph—it was a signal to the world that the Turkish National Movement and by extension the GNA, was no longer a revolutionary force but the legitimate representative of the Turkish people. With each diplomatic success, Mustafa Kemal inched closer to realizing his vision of a modern, unified and sovereign Turkish state.

The Shadow of Defeat: The Setback at the Battle of Sakarya (1920- 1921)
By the early 1920s, Mustafa Kemal's health had already begun to deteriorate, exacerbated by the immense stress of leading a war for independence and governing a newly formed republic. The years of war and the constant pressure to deliver victory took a physical toll on him and he began to suffer from ailments related to his liver and digestive system.

But he pushed through these challenges to lead Anatolia to victory.

The year was 1921. The sun hung low over the scorched fields of Anatolia, casting long, broken shadows across the land. Mustafa Kemal stood on the edge of a ridge, his uniform stiff with dust, his eyes narrowed as they traced the distant Achaean forces advancing across the plains. He could smell the faint metallic tang of blood in the air, mingling with the acrid scent of gunpowder. It had been a long and grueling summer—one that had stretched him and his army to the breaking point.
The war was not going as he had hoped.

The Achaean forces, with their superior numbers and modern weapons, had marched deeper and deeper into Anatolia, pushing relentlessly toward Ankara, the heart of Mustafa Kemal's resistance. Every day brought fresh reports of Turkish towns falling under Achaean control. The Achaeans were confident. Their backers in London whispered of their victory as a foregone conclusion. The capture of Ankara would be the final blow, the death knell for Turkish independence. All of Mustafa Kemal's dreams of a new republic were teetering on the edge of destruction.

It had been only two years since he had defied the Sultan's decrees and set out from İstanbul to rally his people against foreign occupation. In that time, he had united fragmented militias, forged alliances and inspired the nation. But now, here in the dusty valleys of Sakarya, it seemed all his efforts were crumbling. The odds were impossibly stacked against him.

The Weight of Command

Mustafa Kemal turned to his officers, gathered behind him in anxious silence. Each of them looked to him for guidance, for reassurance, but he could see the doubt in their eyes. They had fought hard for months—weeks of trench warfare that sapped morale and broke spirits. Supplies were running low and many of the soldiers were ill-equipped, fighting with whatever weapons they could salvage from the battlefield or scrounge from the remnants of the Osmanid army.

He remembered vividly the arguments in the Grand National Assembly only weeks ago. There had been whispers—questions about his leadership, whether they should surrender Ankara before it was too late. Some argued that an honorable negotiation with the Achaeans might save what was left of the Turkish heartland. The voice of doubt had spread through the ranks and now it lingered like a dark cloud over the field of battle.

But what struck him most was the heavy silence within himself. The sharp clarity that had guided him through Çanakkale, through the trenches of The Great War, seemed distant now. In the solitude of his command tent, when the maps were laid out and the lamps flickered in the night, Mustafa Kemal felt the weight of an entire nation pressing down on his shoulders. He was tired—more tired than he had ever been. And with exhaustion came doubt.

“What if this is it?” he wondered to himself. “What if we lose?”

The specter of failure haunted him. The Achaean army was advancing rapidly and if they crossed the Sakarya River, there would be nothing left to stop them from reaching Ankara. The fate of the entire Turkish nation hinged on this battle and yet, the plans he had so meticulously crafted seemed to be unraveling in his hands.

A Lonely Struggle

That evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, Mustafa Kemal retreated to his tent. Outside, the men huddled around small fires, their faces drawn with fatigue and fear. Inside, he sat alone, running his fingers over the map of Anatolia that lay spread before him. His eyes traced the line of the Sakarya River, the last natural barrier between the Achaeans and Ankara. His forces had been stretched thin across its banks, desperately trying to hold the line. But every day, more reports came in of retreats, of units being overrun.

He felt a wave of anger rise within him. Not at his men—they had fought bravely—but at the cruel hand of fate. How had it come to this? How had the proud Osmanid Empire fallen so far, leaving its people to fight with scraps against a modern, well-equipped enemy? He had given everything to this cause—abandoned his ties to the old regime, sacrificed any semblance of a personal life and yet now, it seemed that even this final stand might be in vain.

There was no one to turn to. He had made his choice years ago when he set out for Samsun and resigned from the Osmanid army. From that moment, he had been alone in his conviction. His closest allies, men like İsmet Paşa and Fevzi Çakmak, respected him, but even they could not fully share the burden he carried. In truth, no one could. The responsibility for the nation’s survival rested solely on his shoulders.

The Battle of Sakarya – Western Front

The ground trembled beneath their feet, not from fear, but from the weight of history pressing down on them. The vast, endless Anatolian plains stretched out like a canvas of fate and the men who stood upon it were destined to paint it in blood, sweat and the hope of a nation gasping for its survival. The year was 1921 and the Achaean were advancing, their footsteps heavy with the intent of obliterating a dream—a dream that had begun with whispers of independence and now roared in the hearts of every Turk standing against them.

The Battle of Sakarya was more than just a clash of armies—it was a reckoning. For Mustafa Kemal, this was not a war to win territory—it was a fight to reclaim identity, a battle to breathe life back into a land suffocated by years of defeat. His eyes, stern and unwavering, scanned the horizon. Every inch of this soil was sacred and he knew that this was not merely a defense of geography, but of everything they had ever believed in.

He gathered his men, their faces etched with exhaustion, yet their spirits unbroken. “There is no line of defense but an area of defense and that area is the whole country. Not an inch of the country should be abandoned until it is drenched with the blood of the citizens.” he declared, his voice echoing across the wind-swept plains. The words, so simple and yet so profound, rippled through the ranks, igniting a fire in the hearts of those who had tasted defeat but refused to let it poison their future.

For 22 long days, the Battle of Sakarya raged like a storm that refused to subside. The Achaean forces, relentless and well-armed, pressed forward, believing the Turks would break. But they did not understand the spirit of Anatolia, how its people had endured centuries of hardship and still stood tall. Under Mustafa Kemal’s command, they fought not for glory, but for survival, for the soul of their homeland.

The air was thick with smoke and the screams of the wounded, but within that chaos, there was a strange sense of peace in Mustafa Kemal’s mind. He had entrusted his very being to this fight, knowing that the line between victory and obliteration was thin and frail. Yet, it was in those moments, standing before his soldiers, that he saw something far more powerful than guns or numbers—the unyielding will of a people united in their belief. The tide turned, slowly at first and then with a roar that drowned out the enemy's advance. The Achaean retreated. The plains that had been on the verge of being lost now pulsed with the promise of a future.

The battlefield was eerily quiet in the fading light. The smell of gunpowder and blood still hung heavy in the air, mingling with the scent of earth freshly churned by boots and cannon fire. The Sakarya River flowed sluggishly nearby, its surface dark and impenetrable.

Mustafa Kemal stood at the edge of the battlefield, his eyes scanning the horizon where his forces had fought valiantly against the Achaean army. They had won—there was no question of that. The Achaean forces had been pushed back and the momentum of the war had shifted. But at what cost?

He could still hear the screams of the wounded, the cries of men calling for help that would never come. The bodies, hastily covered with blankets or left to the crows, dotted the landscape in grim testament to the price of their victory.

Victory had come at the expense of lives—so many lives. And yet, what other choice had there been? He had stood on this very ground and commanded men to fight, knowing that some would not return. The guilt settled heavily on his shoulders, but he could not allow it to break him. He had to push forward, for their sake.

“This is war,” he muttered to himself. “This is the cost of freedom.”

Still, as the wind picked up and the first hints of twilight crept across the sky, he could not shake the feeling that with every victory came a greater burden. Each step toward independence left more men behind.

The tides of war shifted slowly but surely in favor of the nationalist forces, as each hard-won victory over the past months helped secure vital parts of Eastern, Southern and Northern Anatolia. With the recapture of key territories and the quelling of internal threats, a wave of renewed hope coursed through both soldiers and civilians alike. Yet beneath the rising morale, an unspoken truth simmered—victory was still far from assured.

Mustafa Kemal knew better than to let his forces grow complacent. Despite the brilliance of İsmet Paşa’s strategies, the relentless guerilla tactics of Kara Fatma and the diplomatic breakthrough achieved with the Treaty of Gümrü, he understood that a single triumph did not end a war—it only set the stage for the next, more decisive battle.

As the sweltering summer of 1921 dragged on, the war teetered on a knife's edge. The Battle of Sakarya had been a turning point—a brutal, 22-day struggle that saw the Achaeans pushed back before they could strike at the heart of Anatolia. But it was a victory laced with bitterness. The Achaeans had not been destroyed; they merely retreated, still holding vast swathes of Western Anatolia under their iron grip. The war had morphed into a grim test of endurance, a battle not just for land but for the very soul of the resistance.

Ankara was a city of tension, a place where the weight of the war pressed down on every decision, every whispered conversation. The fledgling government, just beginning to find its footing, was beset by challenges from all sides. Foreign invaders loomed like a dark cloud over the nation, while domestic dissent festered, stoked by the ever-scheming Albion agents working to divide the resistance from within.

Victory at Sakarya had granted them precious time, but Kemal knew it was fleeting. His men—tired, hungry and poorly equipped—had fought valiantly, their ragged uniforms and torn boots a testament to their struggle. Yet their spirit had never faltered. They did not fight merely to survive. They fought for something far greater: for the very soil beneath their feet, for the future of a nation they could yet call their own.

This was a war fought not just in blood and fire but in the hallowed halls of Ankara's Parliament. Inside those chambers, fiery debates raged over the next steps. Some clamored for immediate action, pushing for a strike that would end the war once and for all. But Kemal, ever the strategist, held the line. He knew the danger of acting too soon, of striking before the army was truly ready. He could feel the weight of every soldier's life resting on his decisions. One wrong move and everything they had fought for could come crashing down.

Under his leadership, alongside İsmet Paşa and Fevzi Çakmak, the ragtag force that had once been the Turkish army had transformed. Once disjointed and under-supplied, they had become a disciplined, modern military, hardened by months of battle. Even the cavalry, once the pride of the old Osmanid military, had been reforged into a lethal force. Yet Kemal knew that their greatest weapon was not found in their numbers or their guns—it was in their unbreakable will. The belief that this land, their land, could not be taken by any foreign power, no matter how mighty.

In a rare moment of quiet, Mustafa Kemal stood alone in his command post. The victories had been hard-won, but the costs were high. He knew that with Ethem's rebellion quelled and İsmet Paşa's victories securing the western front, the path to independence was clearer, but not without peril.

He thought of the sacrifices that had been made, the lives lost and the difficult decisions ahead. The unification of the nationalist forces was critical to the next phase of the war, but keeping them united through the final battles would prove just as difficult as defeating the foreign invaders.

In the dim light of the command center, Mustafa Kemal allowed himself a moment of reflection before the next chapter of the struggle unfolded. The future of Anatolia would not be built on victories alone, but on the strength of its people and their ability to forge a nation from the ashes of the old empire.

By mid-1922, the Achaean occupation was beginning to crack. Mustafa Kemal's tactics had worn them down, their forces stretched thin across a vast and unforgiving land. Turkish militias, relentless and daring, struck at Achaean patrols under the cover of night, cutting supply lines and severing communications with surgical precision. The once-mighty Achaean war machine, so confident in its superiority, now found itself outmaneuvered by an enemy they could rarely see coming.

The Turkish Mobile Suits, though outdated and often held together by nothing more than sheer determination, had become more formidable than the Achaeans had ever imagined. In ambush after ambush, Turkish guerrilla fighters would emerge from the shadows, strike swiftly and disappear into the rugged mountains before the Achaeans could react. Each attack sapped the enemy's morale, leaving their lines fractured and their spirits broken.

By the time the Turkish army stood ready to launch the Great Offensive, the Achaean forces were a shadow of their former strength. Demoralized and stretched thin, their once-feared Mobile Suits rusted and abandoned in the fields of Anatolia. The time for the final blow had come and the Turkish forces—resilient, united and driven by the unshakable belief that this was their land—stood poised to deliver it.

ACT 14

1922 A.E. Preparing Counterstrike

Mustafa Kemal knew the time had come. The war had reached a critical moment and the only way forward was through one decisive strike that could end the Achaean occupation for good. All of his tactical successes had been building toward this moment, but the final blow would demand the utmost precision, secrecy and flawless execution.

This would not be a simple culmination of battles; it would be the manifestation of Mustafa Kemal's grand strategy, honed through months of painstaking preparation, secrecy and an almost divine sense of timing. The brilliance of Mustafa Kemal lay not just in his military prowess, but in his ability to understand the hearts of his people, the politics of the world and the unforgiving nature of war. But no matter how meticulously the plan had been crafted, there were no certainties in war. All that remained was the strike itself—and the hope that, when the moment came, everything would fall into place.

As early as June 1922, in the heart of Ankara, Mustafa Kemal began sketching the framework of his most daring plan: The Great Offensive (Büyük Taarruz). The air in his office was thick with tension, maps of western Anatolia spread across tables, pinned to walls—each line, each mountain pass meticulously examined. The Turkish army had regained its footing after the Battle of Sakarya, but Kemal knew this was not enough. Victory lay not in defense, but in offense and the time had come to deliver the decisive blow. Yet, as always with Kemal, it was not brute force that would win the day—it was precision, patience and an understanding of the enemy's weaknesses.

The first step of his plan was deception. While the world's attention was focused on the imperial powers' internal turmoil, Kemal sought to lull the Achaeans into a false sense of security. He issued orders to feign inactivity, giving the appearance that Turkish forces were unable to mount a serious offensive. The Achaean army, firmly entrenched in western Anatolia, remained cautious but believed they could hold their positions. He was playing a game of patience, waiting for the moment when the Achaeans believed their occupation of Turkish lands was secure. And that was when Kemal would strike.

Behind the scenes, the Turkish army was mobilizing. Arms and supplies flowed quietly into strategic points across western Anatolia. Mobile Suits were carefully disassembled and transported in parts to covert locations, where they were meticulously reassembled for the battles to come. In hidden camps, men trained in secrecy and officers gathered for hushed, late-night meetings, preparing for the moment when their carefully laid plans would unfold. Kemal himself was always present, his mind a whirl of logistics, tactics and morale. He spent long hours with his commanders, reinforcing the importance of absolute discretion and discipline. Every move, every deployment was scrutinized to ensure that when the offensive came, it would hit with the force of a hurricane, catching the enemy completely off-guard.

In the weeks leading up to the attack, Kemal moved his headquarters to Akşehir, closer to the front, but still shrouded in mystery. Few knew of his exact plans. Even his closest confidants understood only fragments. He knew that surprise was the key to success. The Achaeans, convinced that the Turkish forces were incapable of mounting an offensive, were stationed in fortified positions, confident in their superiority.

But Kemal was prepared. By August 1922, he made his decisive move. He convened a council of war with his top commanders—Fevzi Çakmak, İsmet Paşa, now known as İnönü and others. In the dimly lit room, Kemal revealed the full scope of his bold strategy. Even his most battle-hardened generals were stunned by the audacity of the plan. It would not be a drawn-out campaign—only a swift, concentrated strike aimed directly at the heart of the Achaean army.

The plan was elegant in its simplicity:

- A decisive push through Afyonkarahisar, a region critical to both sides due to its railways and supply routes. Mustafa Kemal identified this as the weakest link in the Achaean defenses.

- The main attack would be aimed at cutting off the Achaean forces from their supply lines, isolating them in the rugged terrain of western Anatolia where they would be vulnerable to encirclement.

- Speed and coordination were paramount. Every unit had its objective and every commander was drilled on the need for perfect timing. The attack had to unfold like clockwork, with no room for hesitation or error.

On the night of 25 August 1922, the final orders were given. There was no speech, no grand proclamation—just the quiet resolve of a leader who knew the gravity of what was about to unfold. The soldiers, aware that this was the moment they had been waiting for, sharpened their bayonets and cleaned their rifles in silence. They, too, understood that tomorrow would decide the future of their homeland.

And then, in the gray dawn of 26 August, the Great Offensive began.

ACT 15

1922 A.E. Büyük Taarruz (The Great Offensive)

August 1922. The air was heavy with anticipation, a tension that pressed down on the soldiers like the weight of a nation's hopes. Mustafa Kemal stood at the front, gazing over the ranks of his army, their faces etched with exhaustion and resolve. These men, many of them just boys at the start of the war, had endured the crucible of fire and steel. Their innocence was long gone, replaced by the hardened determination of warriors who had fought tooth and nail to protect their homeland.

They were ready.

In the distance, the dawn sky began to lighten, casting the battlefield in shades of gray. Today would be the day that either broke their enemy or broke them. Every tactical decision, every battle won, had brought them to this moment. Mustafa Kemal knew that this wasn't just about reclaiming land. This was about reclaiming the soul of their nation. One final push. One strike to end it all.

On August 26, 1922, the Turkish National Movement launched the Great Offensive, the full might of their forces unleashed in a devastating, coordinated strike. The battlefield was transformed into a war zone of fire and metal, as Turkish Mobile Suits, rebuilt from the wreckage of earlier bales, charged headlong into the Achaean defenses. The ground trembled beneath the weight of machines, steel clashing with steel, as the Turkish pilots pushed their suits to the breaking point.

Within the cockpit of each Mobile Suit, pilots gripped their controls, sweat dripping down their brows as the weight of responsibility bore down on them. This was no ordinary battle. Every swing of a blade, every shot fired carried the fate of Anatolia with it. Turkish Suits, though battle-worn and outdated, had been fortified with determination and grit. The enemy's high-tech machines, once the fear of the battlefield, were now crumbling under the relentless advance. It was not the superior technology that was winning—it was the human spirit behind every blow.

For days, the battlefield was a cauldron of chaos. Explosions rocked the earth and smoke rose in thick plumes, obscuring the sun. Turkish forces, fighting on foot alongside their mechanized brothers, emerged from the hills, launching surprise attacks that further disoriented the enemy. The Achaeans, once so certain of their victory, found their lines shattered and their machines failing.

By August 30, the decisive battle at Dumlupınar sealed their fate. The Achaean forces, broken and demoralized, fled in disarray. Their towering war machines lay abandoned on the field, the symbols of their former might rusting in the dust. Victory was in sight, but it was not yet complete.

Kemal watched the retreat from atop his command post, his gaze steady, his heart heavy. This was more than just a battle. It was the culmination of everything they had fought for—their identity, their future. The Turkish flag, its red vibrant against the smoke-darkened sky, was raised once more.

On September 1st 1922 he ordered: “Armies, your first goal is the Mediterranean. Forward!”

The Turkish forces pressed forward, the momentum of victory carrying them with unstoppable force. And then came the final push—the march to İzmir. Once a proud symbol of Achaean control, İzmir now lay before them, its walls trembling under the weight of history. As Turkish Mobile Suits clanked and whirred, rolling through the valleys, the Achaeans could do nothing but retreat, their once-mighty forces reduced to scattered remnants.

On September 9, the Turkish army entered İzmir, their arrival met with tears and cheers from a city long oppressed. Streets once lined with foreign banners were now filled with the triumphant cries of liberation. The people, worn by years of occupation, flooded the streets, their joy overwhelming. Women wept as they embraced their children.

Kara Fatma, her command mech draped in the Turkish flag, led her forces through the heart of İzmir. She had fought in the northern mountains, the valleys of Sakarya and the plains of İnönü. And now, at the end of her long and arduous journey, she saw her homeland free. Her Mobile Suit, battle-scarred and worn, stood tall among the liberated streets, its metallic joints creaking as it came to a halt. Fatma, her hands gripping the controls, allowed herself a rare moment of quiet reflection. This was not just a military victory—it was personal. She had shed blood for this moment and now it was here.

At the steps of the old city hall, Mustafa Kemal stood beside her. The noise of the celebration was deafening, but for a moment, the two of them stood in silence, knowing the weight of the victory they had achieved. The war, which had claimed so much, was finally drawing to a close. But it was more than just the end of a conflict. It was the beginning of a new chapter—a new era.

Yet even in this moment of triumph, Kemal's eyes remained focused. This victory was not his alone—it belonged to every man, woman and child who had fought in their own way and every soul who had believed in a future where they could be free.

The victory at İzmir was a political earthquake. The Achaean forces, utterly defeated, had crumbled. But more than that, the Allied powers—Albion chief among them—were now forced to reconsider their positions. The carefully constructed imperial strategies were falling apart under the weight of Turkish determination.

And so, it wasn't just a battlefield victory. It was the rebirth of a nation. The bruised and battered land of Anatolia had risen from the ashes of war, ready to stand tall among the nations of the world. At the heart of this rebirth was Mustafa Kemal—a man who had not only led armies but had inspired a people to believe in themselves again.

ACT 16

1922 A.E. The Liberation of İstanbul – The Second Conquest

After defeating the Achaeans in the west and reclaiming İzmir in 1922, Kemal turned his gaze toward the crown jewel: İstanbul. Yet he knew that the city, still under Albion occupation, would require a different kind of victory.

The Albion, under Prime Minister Lloyd George, had long been wary of ceding control of İstanbul to the Turkish National Movement. To the Albion, İstanbul was not just a city—it was a key to controlling the Straits, the vital passage between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Losing it meant losing influence in the entire region. Lloyd George, reluctant to bow to a resurgent Anatolia, had initially resisted the idea of withdrawing Albion forces from the city.

But by late 1922, the tides had shifted dramatically. Mustafa Kemal's forces, fresh from victory in Anatolia, now threatened to march on İstanbul. The Albion had no desire to face the full force of the Turkish military, which had shown its might in battles like Dumlupınar. Kemal's success had made it clear: the Turkish people would not stop until their sovereignty was fully restored. And so, in October 1922, after intense negotiations, the Armistice of Mudanya was signed.

The armistice was a diplomatic triumph. As Gaul Prime Minister Raymond Poincare famously admitted, "There is no choice but to accept Mustafa Kemal's demands. We must give Eastern Thrace to the Turks unconditionally." The Mudanya Armistice had forced the Allies to recognize the strength of the Turkish National Movement. With Britain's allies, including France and Italy, unwilling to support continued military action against the Turks, Lloyd George found himself isolated. His dream of holding onto İstanbul, the city he had believed was the linchpin of Albion influence in the region, was slipping away.

But Lloyd George was not willing to give up so easily. In the Albion Parliament, he railed against caving to a Path Seeker nation, insisting that Mustafa Kemal be confronted. As tensions mounted, there was even talk of calling for reinforcements from Albion colonies to hold the city. Yet the political and military reality was clear: Britain had neither the resources nor the will to fight another war. The Albion Empire, overstretched and grappling with uprisings in places like Ireland and India, simply could not afford to wage another costly campaign in Anatolia.

It was a bitter pill for Lloyd George to swallow, especially as he clung to the hope that he could rally support from the Balkans or elsewhere in the Occident to hold the line. But his efforts were futile. Even Winston Churchill, Britain's fiery Minister of Colonies, saw the futility in continuing to resist Kemal's advances. As Albion forces braced for a showdown with the Turks in Çanakkale, it became increasingly clear that the only viable option was to negotiate.

As Turkish forces marched toward the neutral zone of Çanakkale in September 1922, tensions reached a fever pitch. Allied forces, led by the Albion, hastily fortified positions in the region, expecting an imminent Turkish assault. Reports of Turkish cavalry and Albion soldiers coming face-to-face, with Turkish troops lowering their rifles in a show of peace, marked one of the most dramatic standoffs of the campaign. For a moment, it seemed as though a second Gelibolu was on the horizon, with the possibility of the conflict spiraling out of control.

But Mustafa Kemal was not interested in a protracted conflict. His forces, disciplined and deliberate, held their positions while Turkish diplomats worked feverishly behind the scenes to negotiate. The standoff in Çanakkale, fraught with tension, would ultimately be resolved not by bullets, but by Mustafa Kemal's unshakable will and the crumbling resolve of the Albion. The Mudanya Armistice, signed on October 11, 1922, cemented Anatolia's gains and paved the way for the withdrawal of Allied forces from İstanbul.

For Lloyd George, the loss of İstanbul marked the end of his imperial ambitions in Anatolia. His refusal to accept the reality of Kemal's victory had cost him dearly. Isolated from his allies and politically weakened at home, George's dreams of maintaining Albion control over the Straits and the city had been dashed by the very man he had underestimated. The Albion Prime Minister would soon be ousted from power, a casualty of his miscalculation and his failure to recognize the unstoppable force of Turkish nationalism.

For Mustafa Kemal, the return of İstanbul was not just the reclaiming of a city—it was the culmination of his vision for a new Anatolia. As Turkish forces entered İstanbul on October 6, 1923, they did so not as conquerors, but as liberators. The streets were filled with jubilant crowds, cheering the return of their city and the dawn of a new era. The Turkish Republic, still weeks away from its official proclamation, had already taken shape in the hearts of the people.

As Turkish forces entered İstanbul on October 6, 1923, the city welcomed them not as conquerors, but as liberators. The streets erupted in joyous celebration, the echoes of the city's Osmanid past blending with the promise of a new future. For the Turkish people, this was not just the reclaiming of a capital—it was a second conquest, a victory not driven by imperial ambition, but by the desire for sovereignty and freedom.

The reclamation of İstanbul marked the final victory of the Turkish War of Independence. With the signing of the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, Anatolia's sovereignty was recognized and the republic was born. Mustafa Kemal, who had led his people through war, diplomacy and revolution, had achieved the impossible. He had not only reclaimed İstanbul, but he had also secured a future for Anatolia—free, independent and sovereign.

The ripple effect of this victory was felt far beyond Anatolia. In the streets of Cairo, Delhi and Algiers, nationalist movements grew stronger. Mustafa Kemal's victory was not just a triumph for Anatolia—it was a beacon of hope for oppressed peoples across the world. The age of Occidental domination, long thought invincible, had shown its first crack. And Anatolia, under Mustafa Kemal's leadership, was the one to strike the first blow.

EPILOGUE 1

The Turan Republic

On October 29, 1923, Turan was reborn as a republic, its foundation forged from the ideals of equality, sovereignty and progress. The centuries-old Osmanid Empire had crumbled, giving way to a new nation guided by Mustafa Kemal, now affectionately known as Atatürk—the father of the Turks. A leader who sought not only to liberate his country but to ensure that every citizen, regardless of ethnicity or gender, would share equally in the fruits of freedom.

Atatürk's vision for the republic was rooted in the belief that those who had fought together to defend its borders—Turks, Kurds, Circassians, Laz, Osmanid Qedarites, Osmanid Urartians and all other ethnicities—would now stand together as equal citizens of The Turan Republic. Under the new national identity, they would no longer be divided by tribe or origin; they would all be called Turks, a title that symbolized their shared destiny. Atatürk believed that unity in diversity was the key to a strong and prosperous nation.

EPILOGUE 2

A Moment of Reflection

The declaration had been made and the Turkish Republic was officially born. The cheers of the crowds still lingered outside, filling the streets of Ankara. Mustafa Kemal sat alone in his office, the weight of responsibility heavier than ever before. This was the moment he had fought for—freedom, sovereignty and the rebirth of a nation. But with that victory came a new set of challenges.

In front of him lay a series of documents, reforms that would modernize the Turan Republic and carry it into a new era. Education, secularism, women's rights, economic independence—all of these reforms were crucial for the survival of the Republic. But they were radical, bold and deeply divisive. He knew that the old guard, still loyal to the Osmanid Sultan and religious authorities, would resist.

As he signed the papers, he felt the immense pressure of safeguarding democracy. It was a delicate balance—how far could he go to push the reforms through without infringing on the freedoms he had fought so hard to protect? His mind wandered back to his experiences during the war, the betrayals of those who had compromised their values for power. He had sworn he would never become like them.

But this was different. He was not consolidating power for himself. His mission was for the people, for the Republic—so that every Turk could live in a country free from tyranny, superstition and foreign control. The power he wielded now was a temporary necessity, a tool to protect the fragile Republic in its infancy. He would not hold onto it beyond what was needed to stabilize the state.

He looked out of the window, the night sky casting long shadows across the city. His goal was never to rule indefinitely; it was to build something that could last without him, something that would thrive on the principles of democracy, freedom and equality.

"One day," he thought, "the Republic will stand on its own, led not by men, but by the strength of its institutions and the will of its people."

He allowed himself a rare moment of reflection. This was not the beginning of tyranny, he reassured himself, but the final step toward true independence. He would guide the nation through this turbulent period and then, like any good soldier, he would step aside when the time was right.

EPILOGUE 3

The Eternal Command

Among his many reforms, Atatürk's commitment to women's rights was revolutionary. Having witnessed their courage and resilience during the War of Independence, he ensured that women would not be left behind in the new republic. In 1934, The Turan Republic granted women the right to vote and to hold public office—an achievement ahead of many nations in the Occident and beyond. For Atatürk, the modernization of The Turan Republic was incomplete without the full participation of women in society, education and politics.

Atatürk's ambitions did not stop at the national level. He dreamt of taking The Turan Republic to its rightful place among the world's civilized nations (muasır medeniyetler). This was not just about economic and military strength, but about cultural and intellectual development. He envisioned a Turan Republic that would lead by example—a nation that would stand proudly among the most advanced and progressive countries in the world, embodying the ideals of secularism, democracy and innovation.

Moreover, Atatürk's vision stretched beyond The Turan Republic's borders. He dreamed of the reunification of the Turkic nations—the scattered Turkic peoples of Central Asia, who shared a common linguistic and cultural heritage. For Atatürk, the future of The Turan Republic was intertwined with the fates of these Turkic brothers in the East. He believed that in time, The Turan Republic could lead the way in uniting these nations, strengthening the bonds of history and culture that had been fractured by foreign rule.

Atatürk's legacy and guidance for the future were immortalized in his final report to the Turkish people, the Nutuk. Delivered over six days in 1927, this historic speech recounted the difficult journey of the Turkish War of Independence, the founding of the republic and the principles that would guide the nation forward. In Nutuk, Atatürk reminded the Turkish people that the survival of the republic depended on their unwavering commitment to the ideals of freedom, equality and progress. His speech was not just a reflection on the past; it was a blueprint for the future, ensuring that the republic would stand strong long after his time.

However, Mustafa Kemal was acutely aware that the imperialist powers, despite signing peace treaties, would never fully accept their defeat and would continue to seek ways to undermine and reverse the hard-won victory of the Turkish nation. It was during this speech that he issued his eternal command to the Turkish youth

O Turkish Youth!

Your first duty is to preserve and defend the Turkish independence and the Turkish Republic forever.

This is the very foundation of your existence and your future. This foundation is your most valuable treasure. In the future, too, there will be malevolent people, both inside and outside the country, who will want to deprive you of this treasure. If someday you are compelled to defend your independence and the Republic, you must not hesitate to fulfill your duty, regardless of the conditions you are in! These conditions may be extremely unfavorable. The enemies who covet your independence and your Republic may have won an unprecedented victory in the world. By force or by deceit, all the fortresses of your beloved homeland may be captured, all its shipyards occupied, all its armies dispersed and every corner of the country might be invaded. More grievous and more tragic than all these circumstances, those who hold power inside the country may be in error, misguidance and even betrayal. Moreover, these leaders may unite their personal interests with the political desires of the invaders. The nation might be in poverty and in distress, exhausted and weakened.

O child of the Turkish future!

Even under such circumstances, your duty is to save the Turkish independence and the Republic!

The strength you need is already present in the noble blood that runs through your veins!

Mustafa Kemal Atatürk
October 20, 1927 A.E.

Book 5

KÂBUS
THE SHADOW WAR

Prologue

In the year 2187, Earth and Mars had developed into two separate and thriving civilizations. While Earth remained the center of human culture and politics, Mars had become an enigmatic power, ruled by the Mars Dominion - a secretive and seemingly ruthless regime. Tensions between the two planets had been mounting for decades, with both sides vying for control over valuable resources and strategic territories.

Unbeknownst to the people of Earth, the Mars Dominion had been quietly infiltrating their governments, media and military, laying the groundwork for a hostile takeover. As the drums of war echoed through the solar system, a young man named Eren Kaya found himself caught in the middle of the brewing conflict.

Act 1

Whispers of War

Eren Kaya was an ordinary teenager from Earth, living a quiet life with his family. One fateful day, he stumbled upon a hidden transmission from a Mars Dominion agent, revealing their plans to infiltrate Earth and subjugate its people. Shocked and terrified, Eren knew he had to do something, but who would believe him?

As the interplanetary conspiracy unfolded, Eren found himself targeted by Mars Dominion agents and Earth's corrupted officials. Driven by his love for his home and family, Eren vowed to fight against the forces that sought to tear them apart. The synthwave soundtrack began, underscoring the dark and gritty reality of the world Eren was about to enter.

Act 2

The Shadow War

With no one to turn to, Eren dove headfirst into the murky world of espionage and covert operations. He trained tirelessly, learning combat skills and the art of subterfuge, while gathering intelligence on the Mars Dominion's plans. Along the way, Eren forged alliances with a small group of rebels who shared his goal of exposing the conspiracy and protecting Earth.

As the conflict intensified, Eren realized that the true enemy was not only Mars but also the people on Earth who had betrayed their own kind. The synthwave soundtrack pulsed with tension, mirroring Eren's growing disillusionment and despair.

Act 3

The Breaking Point

Eren's journey took a heavy toll on him. He had seen too much death and destruction and his once idealistic heart had become hardened and cold. He isolated himself from his loved ones to protect them, knowing that he was now a target of the ruthless forces he sought to dismantle.

As the war between Earth and Mars escalated, Eren found solace in the spirits of his ancestors, who had sacrificed themselves for the sake of their homeland. He knew that, like them, he might have to make the ultimate sacrifice to save his world.

Act 4

The Path of the Warrior

In his darkest hour, Eren discovered an inner strength and peace that he had never known. This newfound zen state allowed him to become an unstoppable force on the battlefield, feared by his enemies and revered by his allies.

With Eren's guidance, the small group of rebels managed to expose the Mars Dominion's conspiracy, igniting a fierce resistance against the invaders. The synthwave soundtrack surged, evoking the hope and determination of Earth's defenders.

Epilogue

The Price of Peace

In the end, Eren and his allies were able to prevent the Mars Dominion from conquering Earth. But the cost had been high and Eren's sacrifices would remain known only to him and the spirits of his ancestors.

The war had changed him irrevocably, but he had finally found peace within himself. As the synthwave soundtrack faded, Eren returned home to his family, knowing that he had done everything in his power to protect them and their world.

"Kâbus" served as a stark reminder of the nightmare that war truly is, a never-ending cycle of pain, sacrifice and loss. Eren had emerged from the darkness, forever changed, but with the knowledge that his actions had made a difference.

The story of "Kâbus" resonated throughout the solar system, serving as a powerful testament to the strength of the human spirit and the unwavering resolve to protect one's home and loved ones. Although Eren's sacrifices remained largely unknown, the impact of his actions rippled through time, shaping the course of history and serving as a beacon of hope for future generations.

As Earth and Mars began the long process of healing and rebuilding, the synthwave soundtrack lingered, echoing the bittersweet victory and the eternal struggle between darkness and light. For Eren, the nightmare had ended, but the lessons he learned and the scars he bore would remain with him, a constant reminder of the price of peace and the indomitable human spirit.

THE END

Inspired by:

Turkic Mythology

historical events

and Gundam Anime

created with AI:

Open Ai, Microsoft, xAi, Midjourney

MEKA ERGENEKON DESTANI

İlham Kaynağı:

Türk Mitolojisi

Tarihi Olaylar

Ve Gundam Anime

YZ ile oluşturulmuştur:

Open Ai, Microsoft, xAi, Midjourney, Suno